



THE X-FILES

Jose Chung's *From Outer Space* reviewed



NEIL GAIMAN

On life, death, and the Sandman

THE MAGAZINE OF HORROR ENTERTAINMENT #35 US \$4.95 CAN \$6.25 £2.50

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THE CITY
OF ANGELS

Billy Zane as
THE PHANTOM

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Billy Zane as The Phantom

EDITORIAL



WELCOME to *Shivers* 35, and another special Halloween issue! The theme of this issue is heroes and heroines – as if you needed reminding, Horror has its heroes too! We look at the new Teen witch movie *The Craft*, featured in this year's *Fantasia*, and a review of *The Crow: City of Angels*. We stay in the realm of comicbook heroes with *The Phantom*, and meet Neil Gaiman, creator of *The Sandman*, and TV's *Neverwhere* (which we will be reviewing next issue).

We have the second part of our in-depth feature on *The Curse of the Werewolf*. You'll find the saga of Hammer's battle with the censors fascinating stuff – Suddenly, 1960 seems a very long time ago.

This issue also sees the conclusion of our *Shivers* Horror Awards, as we bring you what we believe are the very best Horror movies – ever! There's *Psycho*, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *The Exorcist* and (appropriately) *Halloween*, plus vampires, werewolves and a gallery of others. If you are a connoisseur of Horror, there will be something here for you!

In fact, there's so much to fit in that we have had to move some features to next month, so part three of our Jimmy Sangster interview can be seen in issue 36 (our bumper 64-page edition) along with *The Making of The X-Files: Dark-ness Falls*, and our first reviews of *The X-*

Files Season Four. Fans will be able to see the first Season Four episode on the new Fox video *Masterplan*, which is released on November 4th. This features last season's finale *Talitha Cumi* and the new episode *Herrenvolk*. There are more details of the new *X-Files* season on page 26.

Finally, thanks to everyone involved with *They Came From Outer Space*. This informal history of alien encounters in the

movies is written by myself and regular *Shivers* contributor Mark Gatiss, and is the first book from Visual Imagination. We could not have produced it without so many people's help, so thanks to Ian, Stuart, Paul, David, Mike and Julian. Details of the book can be found on page 31.

Shivers #35 hits the streets on 28th November, so until then,

All the very best,

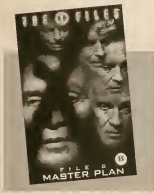
David



The mystery deepens in the new *X-Files* episode *Herrenvolk* (featured on the new video *Masterplan*, left)



David Duchovny and Roy Thinnes in *The X-Files Herrenvolk*





AMERICAN GOTHIC

The Complete Guide

A *Shivers* feature by
Stephen Foster Part One

AMERICAN GOTHIC

Regular Cast

Sheriff Lucas Buck – Gary Cole
Caleb Gage Temple – Lucas Black
Gail Emory – Paige Turco
Doctor Matt Crowder – Jake Weber
(until *Doctor Death Takes a Holiday*)
Selena Coombs – Brenda Bakke
Merlyn Ann Temple –
Serah Paulson
Deputy Ben Healy – Nick Searcy
Boone MacKenzie –
Christopher Fennell
Doctor Billy Peele – John Mese
(from *The Plague Sower*)

Produced by Gothic Renaissance
Productions for CBS
Executive Producers – Sam Raimi,
Robert Tapert and Robert Palm
Supervising Producer –
Shaun Cassidy
Producers – David Eick,
Ed Ledding
Co-Producer – Judi Ann Mason
Created by Shaun Cassidy
Music – Joseph LoDuca

We take an in-depth look at this often disturbing US TV series

1: Pilot [#83587]

Writer: Shaun Cassidy

Director: Peter O'Fallon

*"You made this happen, didn't you? You
make everything happen."*

Gage Temple to Sheriff Buck

TRINITY, Fulton County South Carolina: Caleb Temple's tenth birthday. Caleb's alcoholic father, Gage, attacks his traumatized daughter Merlyn with a shovel after her chanting of "Someone's at the door" pushes him too far. Caleb flees into the path of the local Sheriff, Lucas Buck. Buck arrests Gage. Instead of helping Merlyn Buck breaks her neck, witnessed by his deputy, Ben Healy. Buck is keen to adopt Caleb, believing him to be his own son. Two people stand in his way: a local Doctor, Matt Crowder, and Caleb's cousin, Gail Emory, who, having been woken by a vision, has returned to Trinity. Buck sends a teacher from the local school, Selena Coombs, to seduce Ben to find out what he knows. Buck visits Gage in prison asking him to

sign Caleb into his care; later Matt finds Gage stabbed in the throat with a pen belonging to Ben. Caleb is visited by the spirit of his sister, now articulate again, and determined to thwart Buck's plans to corrupt her brother. The Sheriff returns to take Caleb into care, but the boy sets light to his own home, escaping from the attic window.

The Pilot episode establishes the themes and events that all subsequent episodes of *American Gothic* draw upon, so it's not surprising that it raises more questions than it answers. A flashback sequence shows Buck attacking Caleb's mother (Tammy Arnold), witnessed by the young Merlyn (McKenzie LaCross), the event that completely traumatized Merlyn for eleven years, and resulted in Caleb's birth (although we're not certain that Lucas is Gage's father for quite a while). We witness Buck murdering Merlyn early in the episode, a quite shocking scene, especially for a networked television show. Other memorable imagery includes Merlyn's corpse crying blood; Merlyn's after-death messages to Caleb and Merlyn restoring their house to its original homely state for the flashback. Two scenes are guaranteed to stick in the mind: Selena seducing poor Ben Healy over a game of pool ("Rack your



balls?" and the poignant moment when Caleb picks his birthday cake off the floor and lights one of the candles. There are hints here of the story of Buck's involvement with the death of Gail's parents, but we'd have to wait until *Damned If You Don't* for any significant developments. Gage's off-screen death is the first of many deaths where Buck's direct physical involvement is debatable. It seems odd that Merlyn wouldn't get around to pricking Ben's conscience until *Echo of Your Last Goodbye*. Above all, though, the *Pilot* episode brilliantly sets the tone of the series. ****½

2: A Tree Grows In Trinity [K#0601]

Writer: Shaun Cassidy

Director: Michael Katleman

"What did you do? Bite off his tongue in a fit of passion?" Buck to Selena Caleb flees from the fire, and is hunted by the Sheriff's men. Buck arranges for a corrupt medical examiner, Curtis Z. Webb (David Lenthall) to autopsy and bury Gage and Merlyn before Doctor Crowder can examine their bodies. Merlyn tries to warn Webb off. Caleb finds a dying man, being held prisoner by Selena in a shack in the woods: he's a reporter, Rafael Santo (Arnold Voslo), who was investigating the high rate of disappearing tourists in Fulton County, and has been missing for months. Doctor Crowder and Gail arrive, but are too late to save the man, although they are able to grant his last wish. Buck arrives, retrieving the man's evidence and cleverly concocting a story that implicates Santo in Gage's death. A tree planted near Merlyn and Gage has grown at an astonishing rate.

Following on directly from the *Pilot* this important episode establishes several recurring ideas, most notably the supernatural powers seemingly at Buck's command. It is perhaps atypical in graphically displaying the depravities perpetrated by Buck, (who kills Webb's pet goat and leaves its head in the man's fridge), and, particularly, Selena Coombs, (who has kept Santo as a sex slave without Buck's knowledge). In future Buck is portrayed as being more manipulative, and Selena less vicious. We see here that Buck

has a lot of friends. Ben's loyalty to the Sheriff is explained, Buck paid for his shotgun wedding. The episode sees some very good special effects, notably the stormy skies reflecting Buck's mood and the accelerated growth of the eponymous tree. Selena tries to seduce the good Doctor, but he valiantly resists. Two dim-witted redneck graveyard attendants are a welcome moment of light relief. Gage's tombstone ('Rest In Peace') dates the events as contemporary, (ie: 1995). In some official documentation the Miami Tribune reporter is named Manuel Santo. This episode features new theme music and a new title sequence. ***

3: Eye of the Beholder [K#0602]

Writer: Judi Ann Mason (from a story by Shaun Cassidy & Judi Ann Mason)

Director: Jim Charleston

"You like my little gift? It was actually for both of you."

Sheriff Buck to Doctor Trulane Buck finally catches up with Caleb, but has to submit to an official hearing chaired by Judge Harris Halpern (Bob Hannah) into the boy's future. One of Doctor Crowder's patients, Gordy Wills (Barry Bell), suffers a seizure during a routine operation. Buck mysteriously discovers that Crowder has missed a note on Wills' records that he was prone to epilepsy. The Sheriff presses Crowder's anaesthetist, Doctor Daniel Trulane (Michael Burgess) to testify against Matt at the subsequent inquiry. Merlyn leads Caleb to a new home, a boarding house run by Loris Holt (N'Bushe Wright) and filled with native African masks and fetish dolls. Caleb and Miss Holt makes a very special soup, with added 'compassion', which she asks Caleb to deliver. Buck gives Trulane's new wife Sheryl a mirror that literally captivates her. They argue and Sheryl is facially disfigured when the mirror shatters. At the hearing Buck raises Crowder's history of alcoholism, and Selena has discovered what Gail's life as an investigative reporter sometimes entails. Trulane reluctantly testifies against Crowder and Buck lifts the curse on Sheryl. Judge Halpern places Caleb into the care of Miss Holt (thanking her

CAST BIOGRAPHIES

GARY COLE

(SHERIFF LUCAS BUCK)

Before American Gothic Cole was best known to viewers as radio phone-in host Jack Killian in the popular series *Midnight Caller*, which ran for three years. Cole was born in Rolling Meadows, Illinois. After studying theatre at Illinois State University he helped to form Chicago's Remains Theatre, and later joined the Steppenwolf Theatre company. His television career began with the Emmy award-winning mini-series *Fetal Vision*, playing former Green Beret Dr. Jeffrey MacDonald, the real-life story of a man accused of killing his wife and young daughters. Other important TV roles include the 1990 remake of *The Old Man And The Sea*, with Anthony Quinn, and an acclaimed portrayal of General George Custer in *Son of the Morning Star*. He's also appeared alongside Clint Eastwood in *In The Line of Fire* and in both the *Brady Bunch* movies as the clan's dim-witted father, Mike. He has been married to actress Teddi Siddall-Cole for four years, and the couple have a three year-old daughter.

Select Filmography:

- 1984 *Heart of Steel* (TVM)
- 1984 *Fatal Vision* (TVM)
- 1986 *Vital Signs* (TVM)
- 1987 *Echoes of the Darkness* (TVM)
- 1989 *Those She Left Behind* (TVM)
- 1990 *The Old Man and the Sea* (TVM)
- 1991 *Son of the Morning Star* (TVM)
- 1993 *Twilight Zone*
- 1993 *Rad Sterling's Lost Classics* (TVM)
- 1993 *In The Line of Fire*
- 1995 *The Brady Bunch Movie*
- 1996 *A Very Brady Sequel*
- 1997 *Santa Fe*

JAKE WEBER

(DOCTOR MATT CROWDER)

Weber was born in London, but attended College in America, where he graduated with a bachelor of arts degree in English and political science. He attended Juilliard, and made his Broadway debut playing five Italian brothers in *A Small Family Business*. His performance as Orlando in a Shakespeare *In The Park* production of *As You Like It* won the actor the coveted Calloway Award for Best Performance in a Classical Play from the New York critics.

for the soup), even though he's indebted to Buck. Halpern is terminally ill with cancer, and is impervious to the Sheriff's manipulations.

The series settles down with the last of three episodes linked together with cliff-hanger scenes, (a device awkwardly used, and subsequently dropped by the producers). *Eye of the Beholder* is the model for many subsequent episodes, although it lacks the typically sharp and witty dialogue usually prevalent in the series. It shows Buck subtly working behind the scenes to weave plots and exert his influence from a distance. Although he's usually thwarted, (as here and with the archery contest in *Dead To The World*, for example), this time it's Buck that gets the last word, when Judge Halpern dies as a crow, (also the creature that forces Daniel's car off the road earlier in the episode, and a recurring symbol of death in the series), flies onto his windowill. Despite Trulane's efforts to confound the Sheriff's intentions, Buck still restores Sheryl to normal, honourably keeping his part of the bargain. We've seen Buck's disconcerting ability to mysteriously appear from nowhere before, but it's not been used as effectively as the scenes in the church, when Buck appropriately appears in the mirror in Satan's casket. There are some excellent effects in this episode including Merlyn walking through a chain-link fence, and the grisly make-up showing Sheryl's injury. A doll in a rocking chair in Miss Holt's window represents Merlyn. Two plot threads are especially effective: Caleb and Gail slowly beginning to bond, and the hocus pocus woven by Miss Holt, which proves to be more than a match for Buck's own dark magic. ****½

4: Damned If You Don't [R0604]

Writer: Michael R Perry
Director: Lou Antonio

"It's a sorry tornado that comes out of a blender."

Sheriff Buck Buck calls in a sixteen-year old favour granted to scrap-yard owner Carter Bowen (Steve Rankin). He wants to employ Bowen's fifteen-year old daughter

Poppy (Brigid Walsh), and gives Carter until midnight to sign a consent form. The deadline passes and Carter's wife Etta (Judy Simpson Cook) is 'accidentally' electrocuted and hospitalised. Gail settles into her new home. At the scrap-yard she discovers a key hidden by her mother (Juliet Cesario) in a car pulled off the road by Buck in the 'seventies. Buck and Crower battle for control over Caleb's school science project, a tornado chamber. Buck installs newly-released convict Wash Sutpen (Muse Watson) at the Bowen home. There Sutpen takes an intense interest in Poppy. Sutpen's release uncovers a seventeen-year old secret: his daughter was being molested, and he killed the man he thought was responsible, not knowing that the guilty party was, in fact, Carter. Sutpen seduces, and is seduced by, Poppy. Carter shoots Etta (mistaking the figure in Poppy's room to be Sutpen), and is taken away by the Sheriff to belatedly experience a little justice.

This controversial episode takes it's lead from the remake of *Cape Fear*, with Watson in DeNiro's role and Walsh in the Juliette Lewis part. It's a nicely circular story, well-plotted and morally ambiguous. There are hints here of building sexual frisson between Gail and Lucas, a theme that the show would explore later in more detail. Sutpen's scenes with Poppy crackle with barely-suppressed sexual energy. He gives her a wooden toy train with a hidden niche. "You didn't tell me what it's for, the little compartment", teases Poppy. "You already know what it's for", replies Sutpen slyly. The scene where Wash feeds an ice lolly to Poppy is practically obscene! There are a few clues that Sutpen might be a figure with supernatural powers. Carter observes that Sutpen hasn't aged a day whilst in prison, and shoots his wife believing him to be the convict. His job done, Sutpen simply fades away into the forest. He might even be a physical manifestation of the Sheriff himself. This episode demonstrates how the series works best, with several interlocked plots running simultaneously. There are touches of levity, too, an integral element of the series that is too rarely present in *The X-Files*. In a moment that might have come from an episode of *The Simpsons*, one of Selena's pupils outlines his plans for his science project: "Me and my Daddy are going to show how come venison tastes best if you get a good clean head shot". Take a close look at the scene where Poppy is swimming on her back and you'll discover that some crafty post-production work has come to the aid of Brigid Walsh's modesty. Walsh can also be seen in the short-lived series *Kindred: The Embraced*, currently on Sky. ****



His first film role was alongside Tom Cruise in Oliver Stone's powerful drama *Born on the Fourth of July*. He has also appeared in Sidney Lumet's *A Stranger Among Us*, (Close To Eden in the UK), and Alan J Pakula's *The Pelican Brief*. His television credits include a recurring role in Gene Wilder's comedy series *Something Wilder*, the TV movie *Vanishing Son* and a guest role in *Law and Order*.

Select Filmography:

1989 *Born on the Fourth of July*
1992 *A Stranger Among Us*
(aka *Close to Eden*)
1993 *The Pelican Brief*

LUCAS BLACK (CALEB GAGE TEMPLE)

Born on November 29th, 1982 in Danville, Alabama, Lucas made his professional debut alongside Kevin Costner in the 1994 film *The War. American Gothic* marks his first regular role in a series.

PAIGETURCO (GAIL EMORY)

Born in Springfield, Massachusetts, Turco graduated from the University of Connecticut with a degree in drama. She studied ballet and performed as a soloist with the New England Dance Conservatory, The Amherst Ballet Theater Company and the Western Massachusetts Ballet Company before an ankle injury forced a change of direction into acting and musicals. In 1991 she took over the role of April O'Neil from Judith Hoag in *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze* and *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III*. She has also appeared in the television series *Winnetka Road*.



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SHIVERS

HORROR AWARDS

FILM TOP TWENTY FIVE

25-11

The greats of Horror cinema are gathered for your consideration...

With capsule comments from David J Hogan (DJH), Julian Knott (JK), David Miller (DM), Mark Miller (MM) and Jonathan Rigby (JR).

25: M
(Fritz Lang 1931, Germany)

An urban Horror tale that, if anything,



has achieved added resonance (and reality) with the passing years. Peter Lorre's portrayal of uncontrollable, flamboyant madness has never been matched, nor has Fritz Lang's deceptively measured direction. *DJH*

'[An] important film which rightly deserves its success is the Nero film *M*, directed by Fritz Lang... *'M'* stands, as you have probably guessed, for 'murderer', the German word 'morder' being practically identical with the English. This murderer recalls the notorious Peter Kurten - the Dusseldorf Jack the Ripper who has dozens of crimes on his conscience and who, recently sentenced to death, is now awaiting his execution. The plot of this film is somewhat similar to his case, but is, of course, infinitely more sensational and develops into a rip-roaring murder mystery.'

New York Times

24: A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET
(Wes Craven 1984, USA)

Though the film was criticised for its similarities to *Halloween* and the like, director Craven, actor Robert Englund and make-up artist David Miller created in the wisecracking, knife-fingered Freddy Kruger a modern Horror icon - all too rare these days. *A Nightmare on Elm Street* has all the disorientating force of a real nightmare, with a keen sense of the teen-America milieu (therefore its target audience), and in the beautiful Heather Langenkamp the perfect victim. In ten years, *Nightmare* had spawned a monstrous brood of sequels to match Universal's *Frankenstein* series. *DM*



'A combination of clumsy direction, bad acting and a ludicrous script ensure that the movie never hangs together... What

is frightening about *A Nightmare on Elm Street* is not just its gratuitous exploitation of a child molester but also the indisputable fact that there is an audience for this brand of mindless rubbish.'

Films and Filmmaking

23: NOSFERATU: EINE SYMPHONIE DES GRAUENS

[*Nosferatu: A Symphony of Horror*]
(FW Murnau 1921, Germany)

Murnau jettisoned the Byronic trappings of Stoker's *Dracula* (of which there are precious few anyway) and opted instead



to present the vampire in its most hideous folkloric guise. Max Schreck's pestilential, rat-faced Graf Orlok brings with him, as Bela Balazs put it in 1924 'a glacial draught from doomsday', particularly in the icy desolation of his castle and the petrifying scenes aboard ship. Repellent and other-worldly, Orlok provides, like Conrad Veidt's Cesare, an unforgettable image of Germany's post-war despair - a resonance remarked upon by German critics even at the time. *JR*

'Yesterday at the Film Guild Cinema, where this production is now on view, there was at least one man who dozed audibly and another who was either terrified or was enjoying forty or more winks... This would-be spine-chiller... is rather more of a soporific than a thriller.'

New York Times

22: THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH
(Roger Corman 1963, UK)

Sublime and metaphorical, this is Roger Corman's best picture. Price's superb, no-



trace-of-ham performance – and the shocking, unrelenting sequence of Hop Toad (Skip Martin) burning alive Alfredo (Patrick Magee) – both predate *Witchfinder General* by several years. Note of interest: Anthony Hopkins mentioned to Price that he had borrowed a nuance from Price's characters in the Corman/Poe films for his portrayal of Hannibal Lecter in *The Silence of the Lambs* (1990). The baton had been passed. **MM**

'Corman's first British film... is strikingly handsome, with vast, impressive sets, fluid camerawork and majestically tasteful colour. Moreover, none of this is the work of Corman's usual collaborators, but of British technicians (notably the photographer Nicolas Roeg) who have succeeded in making a refreshingly un-British (or at any rate non-Hammer) British horror movie, with shock cuts that really shock and a leisurely-paced air of genuine contemplation.' *Sight and Sound*

21: CAT PEOPLE
(Jacques Tourneur 1942, USA)

Simone Simon's perfect performance, Lewton and Tourneur at their finest, and moments of genuine fear wrought from a whisper and a shadow.
That is Cat People. **DM**



'The strangely embarrassing predicament of a lady who finds herself possessed of mystical feline temptations, especially one to claw people to death, is the topic pursued at tedious and graphically unproductive length in RKO's latest little chiller, *Cat People*, at the Rialto... Miss Simone's cuddly little tabby would barely frighten a mouse under a chair.'

New York Times

20: PEEPING TOM
(Michael Powell 1959, UK)

This nightmare of twisted psychology appalled British critics and ruined the

career of one of cinema's greatest writer-directors, Michael Powell. Admittedly unsavoury, the film is also tender and unremotely sad. Although the protagonist commits monstrous acts, he was not born a monster, but was turned into one by the person who should have loved him best. Sensitive performances by Karl Boehm, Anna Massey and the stunning Moira Shearer. **DJH**



'Nothing, nothing, nothing... has left me with such a feeling of nausea and depression as I got this week while sitting through a new British film called *Peeping Tom* (Plaza). Mr Michael Powell (who once made such outstanding films as *Black Narcissus* and *A Matter of Life and Death*) produced and directed *Peeping Tom* and I think he ought to be ashamed of himself. The acting is good. The photography is fine. But what is the result? Sadism, sex and the exploitation of human degradation.' *Daily Express*

19: ROSEMARY'S BABY
(Roman Polanski 1967, USA)

Roman Polanski's apartment complex had already been displayed in *Repulsion*, and would get a further extension in *The Tenant*. Here, he's let loose on a



replica of New York's Dakota Building for a claustrophobic exercise in spiralling paranoia, in which all Mia Farrow's ante-

natal delusions turn out to be hideously real. The Anti-Christ bypasses Bethlehem and chooses to take Manhattan instead. The vulnerable Rosemary, meanwhile, is exploited and betrayed by a gaggle of elderly neighbours and her feckless actor husband. The film looks gorgeous (1965, though only two years' distant, had to be painstakingly recreated to meet Polanski's exacting demands) and benefits from Krzysztof Komeda's eerily soothing score. It also has one of Polanski's trademark soundless-surreal nightmare sequences (with Satan portrayed by San Francisco's black magician, Anton LaVey) and an impudent use of the famous 'God is Dead' cover of *Time* magazine. **JR**

'Tension is sustained to a degree surpassing Alfred Hitchcock at his best.'

Daily Telegraph



18: THE THING
(John Carpenter 1982, USA)

With the increasing sophistication of the special effects available to them, horror films moved on from their 1970s obsession with bodily dismemberment to a 1980s predilection for freakish bodily distortions. *The Thing* set the standard with a gut-wrenching series of surreal transmutations worthy of Salvador Dali or Francis Bacon. So extreme are Rob Bottin's creations that mainstream audiences stayed away in droves, yet Carpenter never allows them to 'stop the show'. The human drama, compellingly played out amid frozen Antarctic wastes, is just as powerful. Turning on that time-honoured theme of paranoid horror, 'Which of us is human?', *The Thing* represents the point at which gross-out unpleasantness somehow becomes weirdly meaningful. **JR**

'Carpenter's journey to the Great White South to defrost *The Thing* is an exercise in cinematic hubris. Instead of paralyzing the heart with fear, the Thing (especially in its lobster-like manifestation) merely causes gastric distress.' *Films in Review*

17: THE EVIL DEAD
(Sam Raimi 1982, USA)

A notorious title during the early 80s 'video nasties' hysteria, *The Evil Dead* is an expertly balanced mixture of Lovecraftian mumbo-jumbo and splatterly special effects. These lose-your-lunch highlights, particularly the climactic 'melt-down' sequence, belie the film's extremely straitened budget. They also



show that Raimi, barely out of his teens at the time, had fully absorbed the George Romero lesson of pushing the entraining into the area of abattoir slapstick. But the film's maniacal energy and inventiveness are uniquely its own. JR

'Already hailed as the *Night of the Living Dead* of the Eighties, feted at Horror festivals and celebrated by no less a luminary than Stephen King as 'the most ferociously original Horror film of 1982', *The Evil Dead* has quite a reputation to live up to. It doesn't disappoint. In fact, it's terrific. And, considering the circumstances of its production, really rather amazing.' *Films and Filming*

16: AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON
(John Landis 1981, UK)

The film that did for Underground trains what Val Lewton's *Cat People* did for buses, a clever, witty parody of the conventions of the werewolf film genre, and a damn good film in its own right. David Naughton earns our sympathy as the wide-eyed innocent, Jenny Agutter as a strong heroine, and there's a roll-call of

British character actors from John Wood-vine sympathetic Doc to Brian Glover's rhubarbing yokel Ground-breaking, and reassuringly familiar too. DM



'A jokey Horror film that's even funnier than it thinks it is... The safest recommendation, for connoisseurs of laughs, unintentional laughs and yuck-style Horror, since *The Legacy*. It's a howl!' *Films Illustrated*

15: LA MASCHERA DEL DEMONIO
(*Mask of the Demon* aka *Black Sunday* aka *Revenge of the Vampire*)
(Mario Bava 1960, Italy)

Mario Bava's best film (and his first credited attempt at directing), and the horror genre's first use of the sublime Barbara Steele. The theme is the duality of evil,



and it is fascinating. As with many other films on this list, evil dominates nearly every scene. The British version is good, but the one to catch is *Black Sunday*, the version prepared by AIP for American release, with skilful, emphatic dubbing and Les Baxter's agitated score, one of the best composed for a Horror picture in the 60s. DJH

'This... might very well be said to contain the best black-and-white photography of any exercise in the macabre... [But] all this clever stuff was - need it be said? - completely wasted on the hooting throng in the South Harrow cinema where we watched *Revenge of the Vampire*. Nevertheless the film has several scenes powerful enough to satisfy the most ghoulish audience.' *Supernatural*

14: FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED
(Terence Fisher 1969, UK)

The last truly great Hammer Horror film, and arguably the best of the Hammer *Frankenstein* series. Jimmy Sangster and Anthony Hinds had written all of the previous *Frankenstein* scripts, and fresh blood was sorely needed to reverse the Baron's recent course - that of being rel-



egated, like Dracula, to the periphery of the story. One of the industry's most sought-after assistant directors, Bert Batt, provided a script that trod new ground and also gave Cushing the wittiest, most sardonic dialogue of his screen career. Cushing's Baron was also never so ruthless in his pursuits - the true monster of the piece, contrasting effectively with Freddie Jones's sensitive, moving portrait of his brain transplant victim. Add to this fine performances by Veronica Carlson and Simon Ward and the sure hand of director Terence Fisher. MM

'As nasty as anything I have seen in the cinema for a very long time.' *The Times*

13: ISLAND OF LOST SOULS
(Erle C Kenton 1932, USA)

Not simply horrifying, Erle C Kenton's dark examination of sadism and unprincipled genius is surely the most upsetting Horror film of the 30s, and perhaps of all time. Heat, humidity, and twisted desire hang over the proceedings like a sodden curtain. Charles Laughton, as Dr. Moreau, wears an ice-cream suit and looks like a malevolent eunuch. Marvelous work by 'Panther Girl' Kathleen Burke, plus superior screaming by Leila Hyams, cast in her second outré film



within a year. (The first was *Freaks*, at number 43.) *DJH*

'With most of the Neanderthal extras in Hollywood made-up to represent some of Boris Karloff's wilder dreams, the new film at the Rialto has a certain nightmare, or, more accurately, hangover quality.' *New York Herald Tribune*

12: THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT (Val Guest 1954, UK)



Taut and terrifying, *The Quatermass Experiment* was Hammer's first major hit. It juxtaposes a cosy, 'Little England' setting with outlandishly un-English themes and images, culminating with a vast, octopoid monstrosity writhing obscenely amid the hallowed architecture of Westminster Abbey. Guest cracks through the narrative with military precision, accompanied by James Bernard's nerve-jangling score and some disturbingly chilly, documentary-style images of post-war London. And though the lobotomy performed on Professor Quatermass by imported American star Brian Donlevy is regrettable, there's ample compensation in Richard Wordsworth's remarkable performance as the mutating Victor Carroon. Wordsworth and make-up maestro Phil Leakey dis-

covered 'body horror' long before Cronenberg and co., giving Nigel Kneale's cautionary tale a real charge of visceral and emotional unpleasantness. *JR*

'This is the best and nastiest horror-film that I have seen since the war. How jolly that it is also British!' *News Chronicle*

11: PSYCHO (Alfred Hitchcock 1960, USA)

Alfred Hitchcock wanted to demonstrate that he could direct a socko thriller on a low budget with a TV crew. He succeeded with this, one of the cleverest, most darkly funny of all movies, and a film that came to be tremendously influential. Watch it for fun, watch it to be scared witless, watch it to study the master at work – but just watch it. So fascinating are the story's psychological overtones, so sure is Hitchcock's technical skill, and so deft his deceptions that *Psycho* remains fresh and surprising after numberless viewings. Amidst the shocks, it's easy to overlook the contribution of Janet Leigh, who performs with insight and sensitivity. *DJH*



For all the fake intimacy of the opening love scene and the manifest absurdity of the denouement, *Psycho* comes nearer to attaining an exhilarating balance between content and style than anything Hitchcock has done in years. Of course, it is a very minor work' *Sight and Sound*

CONTRIBUTORS' TOP TENS

DAVID MCGILLIVRAY
Dead of Night (1945, UK)
Les Yeux Sans Visage (1959, France/Italy)
Peeping Tom (1969, UK)
Psycho (1960, USA)
The Flesh Salesman (1960, USA)
Repulsion (1965, UK)
Rosemary's Baby (1967, USA)
Night of the Living Dead (1967, USA)
A Clockwork Orange (1971, UK)
The Wicker Man (1972, UK)
The Exorcist (1973, USA)
The Texas Chainsaw Massacre (1974, USA)
The Omen (1976, USA)
Suspense (1976, Italy)
Alien (1978, UK)
The Deadly Spawn (1981, USA)
The Fly (1986, USA)
Deliria aka Stagefright (1987, Italy)
Halloween (1987, UK)
They Live (1988, USA)

MARK GATES

Frankenstein (1931, USA)
The Bride of Frankenstein (1935, USA)
Waked With a Zombie (1943, USA)
Night of the Demon (1966, UK)
Dracula (1967, UK)
The Innocents (1961, UK)
Night of the Eagle (1961, UK)
The Hauling (1962, UK)
The Plague of the Zombies (1966, UK)
The Devil Rides Out (1967, UK)
Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed (1969, UK)
Blood on Satan's Claw (1970, UK)
Death Line (1972, UK)
The Wicker Man (1972, UK)
Jaws (1975, USA)
Martin (1978, USA)
Salem's Lot (1979 [TVM], USA)
The Thing (1982, USA)
Dead Ringers (1987, USA)
Exorcist II (1990, USA)

CLAUDIA ANDREI

Das Kabinett des Dr. Caligari (1919, Germany)
The Old Dark House (1932, USA)
The Body Snatcher (1945, USA)
Dracula (1957, UK)
Psycho (1960, USA)
La Maschera del Demone (1960, Italy)
Night of the Living Dead (1967, USA)
Blood on Satan's Claw (1970, UK)
Macbeth (1970, UK)
The Night Strangler (1972, USA)
The Wicker Man (1972, UK)
Cerna Per Frankenstein (1973, Italy/France)
The Texas Chainsaw Massacre (1973, USA)
The Omen (1976, USA)
Suspense (1976, Italy)
Brainwashed (1977, USA)
Prison of Darkness (1986, USA)
Near Dark (1987, USA)
Santa Sangre (1989, Mexico)
The Reflecting Skin (1990, UK)

DAVID J. HOGAN

Das Kabinett des Dr. Caligari (1919, Germany)
Nocturne (1921, Germany)
M (1930, Germany)
Dracula (1930, USA)
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1931, USA)
Frankenstein (1931, USA)
The Old Dark House (1932, USA)
Island of Lost Souls (1932, USA)
King Kong (1933, USA)
The Bride of Frankenstein (1935, USA)
Night of the Demon (1966, UK)
The City of the Dead (1951, UK)
Peeping Tom (1969, UK)
Psycho (1960, USA)
La Maschera del Demone (1960, Italy)
The Innocents (1961, UK)
Repulsion (1965, UK)
Night of the Living Dead (1967, USA)
The Texas Chainsaw Massacre (1974, USA)
Brainwashed (1977, USA)

Discover the Top Ten Horrors on Page 40!

WAX MASK

After *Fantasm* I went to Rome to cover Argento's latest production, the feature directing debut of special effects artist Sergio Stivaletti. I won't say too much about *Il Terrore della Maschera di Cera/The Terror of the Wax Mask* just yet – that's now the official title of the Lucio Fulci originated idea by the way. But I have seen a lot of footage including the incredibly gory opening murder – a blood-splattered orgy of heart-ripping and limb-severing. What I will say is that every-one's happy with the job Stivaletti has done – it has the look of a vintage Hammer picture. The Robert Hossein/Romina Mondello starer should be on release in Italy around February next year as the rushed five week schedule has meant many special effects have to be done in post-production. Benoît Lestang, the French artist who crafted the effects for *Baby Blood and The City of the Lost Children*, has done a great job with the weird cyber-wax concept at the centre of this Gaston Leroux inspired mix of alchemy, sadism and madness. An interview with Stivaletti will appear in a later issue.

THE NEW ARGENTO

The Dario Argento retrospective at the NFT was covered extensively in the Italian press and on television. One newspaper carrying the story stated Argento's new film was going to be about the 'Monster of Florence', Italy's own Jack the Ripper mystery. But Argento denied this rumour and told me, "Why would I do something so fresh in people's minds and without a conclusion? [The case against prime suspect, Pietro Pacciani, has been dismissed. I'm fascinated by all the theories – [that it's a group of bored voyeurs savagely killing couples making love in their cars] – but I'm not interested in exploring the issues in a giallo context." There have already been two movies made about the Seventies psycho who cuts out women's genitalia – Cesare Ferraro's *Il Mos-*

tro di Firenze and Camillo Teti's *Firenze! L'Assassino E Ancora Tra Noi/Florence! The Killer is With Us Again* (both 1986) – even more reason for Argento not to bother tackling the controversial subject. Incidentally, Pacciani's trial attracted the attention of *The Silence of the Lambs* novelist Thomas Harris. The writer was in the courtroom throughout much of the prosecution and everyone is expecting some of the

detail to make it into his next book.

ROME RUMBLINGS

Mystere and *Nothing Underneath* director Carlo Vanzina's latest is another giallo picture. Written by frequent Argento collaborator Franco Ferrini, *Squillo/Call Girl* stars hot newcomer Raz Degan who shot to fame in the Gianni Romoli written, Lamberto Bava directed, TV

fairytale *Sorellina/Little Sister*. Romoli has also written *The Princess and the Pauper* for Christmas 1997, starring Anna (Dellamore Dellamorte) Falci and Claudio (Nostromo) Amendola, *Eros and Psyche*, the first of a new series of Greek myths, and *The Rose of Hebridon* which finally goes before the cameras in South Africa in November with Michele Scavi at the helm and Ornella Muti starring. Soavi (who will become a father in November, he's already named his son Andrea) may also direct the remake of the Vincent Price classic *Theatre of Blood*. He says the script is wonderful and is currently trying to iron out scheduling difficulties. Romoli is also adapting Leonard Simon's serial killer thriller *Dissociated States* for director Lilianna (*The Night Porter*) Cavan. But he tells me, "The story will have to be changed a lot because the recent *Primal Fear* was far too similar".

Anguish director Bigas Luna is currently in Rome editing his latest sex diatribe *La Bambola/The Doll*. It top-lines TV star Valeria Merini (Italy's Anthea Turner) who has just been offered the lead role in a remake of *She*.

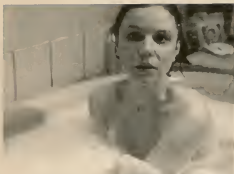
US WW

From Rome I went to Luxembourg and spent two days on the set of what must be one of the most highly anticipated Horror releases for next year. And all the news is good regarding *An American Werewolf in Paris* which Anthony (Mute Witness) Waller is directing on stunning sets built in a disused factory in the small village of Wecker. You walk into the unassuming building and are immediately confronted by a full-size section of the Eiffel Tower for the opening sequence where star Julie Delpy tries to commit suicide by jumping off the tourist attraction only to be saved by co-star Tom Everett Scott attached to a bungee rope. Unfortunately Andy (Scott) falls in love with reluctant werewolf Serafine (Delpy) and when he too becomes lycanthropically-challenged he's told the only

FANTASM – LAST WORDS

A few personal thoughts on *Fantasm* – the most exhausting one to date. Everything was geared around the arrival of Dario Argento and the British premiere of his latest Italian success *The Stendhal Syndrome*. But things only run smoothly when they are organized to within an inch of their lives. I really must thank Maggi Hurt of the BFI for being the usual tower of unflinching strength. For those of you who attended, and all your familiar faces do give me a much needed lift (thanks to Keith, James, Eddie, Ray and my two favourite guys from Manchester), I thank you for supporting what was a Herculean task. I do appreciate it. As I said prior to introducing Argento on stage for the lecture, I didn't realise that this retrospective of his films was the largest one ever mounted in the world. Apparently, some other events have tried to do it but couldn't get the more obscure titles. That's why the phones were ringing off the hook from other global Film Theatres and Cinemas. Okay, so a few of the prints – especially *Deep Red* under its *Hateful Murders* American title – were in poor condition, but I was so grateful for the opportunity to see them all again on the big screen. They still knock me out. Audience numbers meant other people weren't going to miss that chance either. And for those of you who

braved the tube strike to see *Opera*, what a fantastic reward was in store. That print in Italian with English subtitles, dragged from Argento's own office in Rome, was the fullest uncut version I've ever seen and its full power was on view for the first time ever outside its initial week of Italian release in 1988. *Opera* is an Argento masterpiece and I know all of you who were in the audience that night will agree with me. Seeing *Opera*, *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* and *Cat O'Nine Tails* again – the latter a totally different experience on the big screen and still one of my favourites – I'm pushing for a giallo season at the NFT. I'm currently researching the availability of titles in good condition and with English subtitles. Drop me a line with your suggestions on what you'd like to see and I'll look further into the possibilities. Argento was very much in reflective mood during his lecture but I think his fans did get an unusually candid look at the man and his work. I think we all found his speech on Lucio Fulci quite moving. And the surprise addition of Asia Argento in the audience went down a treat too. By this time next year, thanks to her lead role in Michael Radford's *B-Monkey*, she will be a major international star. Once again, thanks to everyone who was there and who took the trouble to give me their comments weekend.



Anthony Waller repays his loyal crew for *Mute Witness* (this photo) with jobs on the new *American Werewolf in Paris*

way to reverse the curse is to eat his lover's heart. Meanwhile, skinhead Claude (Pierre Cosso) is mixing low-lives and foreigners to a 'Full Moon Party' in a rumpled cathedral to beef up the local Parisian werewolf population and Andy's best friend Chris (Phil Buckman) has been invited. It was these party scenes where Chris metamorphoses from a monk to wolf that *Esaw* filmed on production designer Matthias Kammermeier, along with director of photographer Egon Werdin and producer Richard Claus, all worked with Waller on *Mute Witness*. Waller is paying them back for their hard work on that cult hit. The werewolf special effects combine CGI work from Santa Barbara Studios with animatronics by Magicion and Creature Creatures (Joachim Gruniger and Jay Harris respectively) and based on what I saw being done will be spectacular. To be in with the original *An American Werewolf in London*, the creatures have been designed to look quite similar to those featured in the John Landis landmark Horror. The care and attention Waller was paying to each painstaking close up, movement with the steadicam, each imaginatively filmed prosthetic insert shot and each super-fast tracking shot makes me certain this will be another technically brilliant

outing from this committed director. With a blackly comic script that goes further into ghoulisht guttaws than even the original did, I feel it's safe to say this is one to look forward to. I covered the making of *An American Werewolf in Paris* extensively so look for detailed coverage in the very near future.

SMITH & JONES

Stephen Jones, publicist extraordinaire (Nightbreed, Hellraiser III etc) and author of *The Illustrated Movie Guide* series, has formed a partnership with novelist Michael Marshall Smith to produce genre projects. The aptly named Smith & Jones company is currently developing *Celestial Dogs*, based on the novel by Jay Russell about a contemporary LA private eye whose search for a missing Hollywood hooker draws him into an epic struggle between two ancient supernatural forces. Smith, whose latest novel *Spans* was recently optioned by Steven Spielberg's Dream Works SKG Company, is also scripting Clive Barker's *Weaveworld* for the Showtime network and a TV movie version of *Dr. Gently's Holistic Detective Agency* based on Douglas Adams' comedic *Hitchhiker's Guide* meets *Doctor Who* novel. Smith & Jones are also developing an original Smith project entitled *Dog's Hidden Streets*.

BITS AND PIECES

New Line Cinema has paid author Tom Whately nearly a million dollars for an untitled treatment about a space station that must reverse the gravitational pull of a black hole that threatens to destroy Earth... Robin Williams will star in *What Dreams May Come* for Vincent Ward, the director of *The Navigator*. Based on the book by celebrated genre author Richard Matheson, it's described as 'Ghost meets Dante's *Inferno*' and tells of a man who dies but cannot come to terms with the fact that he must leave his beloved wife behind...

Denzel Washington is the star of *Fallen* as a cop searching for a killer possessed by the devil... The Samuel Goldwyn Company has linked up with New Line to remake *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* based on the 1947 Fantasy starring Danny Kaye... Alicia (Clueless) Silverstone will star as Samantha in the big screen adaptation of the Sixties sitcom *Bewitched*... Jim Hanson Pictures have bought the rights to William Kotzwinkle's book *The Bear went over the Mountain* about a

professor, desperate to write a bestseller, whose manuscript is stolen by a bear. As the bear becomes more human, the prof becomes more bear-like in this Roald Dahl-esque fantasy comedy... Numerous classics are being restored, digitally fixed up and reshown in the cinema. The latest to get that treatment is David Cronenberg's *Shivers* from which this magazine took its name. It will be on release again from next March. By the way, Fox will be releasing *Crash* in Britain next year...

Writer/director Larry Brand will helm *Paranoia*, about a designer who learns the man who brutally murdered her family 20 years before is about to be released from prison...

La Belle Verte/The Fine Green is the title of the new alien comedy from French director Colline Serreau, the woman who brought us the original *Three Men and a Cray*...

Mira Sorvino, Oscar-winning star of *Mighty Aphrodite*, has been signed for the lead role in *Mimic*, the Guillermo Del Toro giant insect movie covered in depth last issue...



Alicia Silverstone isn't Clueless when it comes to playing Samantha in the new remake of *Bewitched*

VIDEO REVIEWS



Edited by Stephen Foster



THE GORGON

Director: Terence Fisher
Starring: Peter Cushing,
Christopher Lee,
Barbara Shelley

Encore Sell-Through

This typical 1964 Hammer Horror casts both Cushing and Lee on the side of the angels. It won't take you very long to guess what and who's causing the mysterious deaths in the small German village (look carefully and you might spot a clue in the title!) Fisher, ably supported by Bernard Robinson and Don Mingaye's superb production design, provides more than enough gothic atmosphere to cover the shortcomings of the script. Hammer's most poetic Horror film also features great cameo appearances by Patrick Fingleton and Richard Pascoe

HIGHWAY TO HELL

Director: Ate De Jong
Starring: Patrick Bergin, Chad Lowe, Kristy Swanson, Adam Stone

Encore Sell Through

A welcome and long, long overdue retail release of Ate De Jong's quirky 1989 cop from hell (no, I mean literally a cop from hell) Two cloning teenagers, (Lowe and the pre-Buffy The Vampire Slayer Swanson), are on their way to Vegas when they get pulled over by a mysterious heavily-scarred cop. Without saying a word the cop rips a door off their car and drags Swanson out, securing her in the back of his Mad Max-style car with a nifty pair of hand-cuffs made from real hands.

Lowe is given exactly twenty-four hours in which to retrieve his girlfriend from the Hell cop's clutches, but first he has to battle his way through a surreal desert landscape populated by

crazed biker gangs, misty odd-balls and a weird tow-truck driver (a nice cameo from Patrick Bergin)

Highway To Hell is often quite extraordinary, putting the modern-day hero against a legion of characters that could have stepped from the Greek myths. The film's well judged streak of grisly black humour elevates it above so many other routine Hitcher rip-offs. During his adventures Lowe comes across many strange sights, including a team of Andy Warhol clones scattering litter from garbage sacks along the highway, just one of the movie's many delightful visual gags. Cleverest of which is an asphalt-spreading machine that puts the mangled corpses of well-intentioned people to man who let his child drink bleach because it was 'a lesson she had to learn' and a woman who slept with her husband's boss to advance his career, for example, to road use.

Within what was obviously a limited budget Steve Johnson provides excellent makeup effects, including a superb full demon body suit. In the debut column Robin Videgon's fine cinematography is not helped by poor quality video duplication, and the admittedly inventive special effects are rather sloppy.

STRANGE DAYS

Director: Kathryn Bigelow
Starring: Ralph Fiennes,
Cicely Lewis, Angela Bassett
CIC (Universal) Rental

If you're already getting the impression that the world is spiralling out of control as the millennium draws to a close you'll find James Cameron and Kathryn Bigelow's depiction of the Los Angeles of December 1999 fearfully plausible. The film's central idea, that we'll soon be able to record people's experiences and replay them vicari-

ously like videotape, seems rather more remote. The idea is not new - Michael Reeves' **The Sorcerers** used something similar in 1967 - but now it's state-of-the-art, with a whole legion of new jargon at its disposal. Fiennes is suitably sleazy as a low life pusher, peddling 'clips' of porn and other real-life experiences to anyone who'll listen to his well polished spiel. He soon gets involved in a complex conspiracy involving a missing 'clip' disc and a serial killer. It's extremely violent, rather long, and disappointingly misogynistic, but it does boast superb production values and a first rate cast. Although the film was presented in a 'scope ratio in theatres the full-screen video transfer isn't too damaging. The film also has a spectacular surround sound mix that will set home cinema systems singing. Well worth renting.

FRANKENSTEIN (1931), THE INVISIBLE MAN and DRACULA (1931)

Directors: James Whale and
Tod Browning
Starring: Boris Karloff, Claude
Rains, Bela Lugosi

CIC (Universal) Sell Through
Surely these classic films need no introduction! **Dracula** and **Frankenstein** have been available before on doublebill tapes, but all three are now available in re-mastered format, on separate tapes, at full price. All the films are creepy, of course, but the new transfers, particularly **Frankenstein**, are as good as you're likely to get from VHS. The price would lead you to think that perhaps Universal haven't recouped their investment yet, but at least they're aware enough now to make

VIDEO ROUND-UP

It's something of a hollow victory, but MGM/UA have belatedly added a wide screen version of **Species** to their schedules. Is it too much to ask for the wide screen version of a film to be released simultaneously with the pan-and-scan version? Several other companies seem able to manage it with ease, (step forward Buena Vista and CIC) How many people will have assumed that there wouldn't be a letterboxed version, and bought the pan-and-scan tape?

With Tim Burton's **Mars Attacks** lurking in the wings, Warner Home Video are re-releasing the kooky **Beetle-**

juice with a recommended retail price of £9.99.

This month's **Star Trek - Voyager** releases include **The Thaw** (Volume 2-10), an interesting episode that tackles the nature of fear itself. Kim and Torres enter a Prisoner-esque mindscape belonging to a group of travellers locked in suspended animation.

The latest episodes of **The Outer Limits - The New Series** include, on volume five, **The Second Soul** (aliens want our dead bodies), and the Jacob's Ladder-like **Corner of the Eye**. Volume six comprises Tibor Takeda's haunted house story **If These Walls Could Talk** and the paranoia episode **Birthright**.

LASERDISC

Forthcoming NTSC releases include a special collector's edition of *Young Frankenstein*, (featuring seven deleted scenes, trailers, a Mel Brooks commentary, out-takes, over five hundred stills (including, one assumes, a lot of colour material) and a new 'making of...' documentary). Hallbound: *Hallraiser III* being re-mastered in widescreen with a commentary by Clive Barker. New titles from Hallmark include the 1933 version of *The Ghoul*, (restored by the Museum of Modern Art from the sole surviving 35mm print), and the 1934 supernatural thriller *The Clairvoyant*, starring

ring Claude Rains and Fay Wray. Criterion are releasing CLV editions of their superb THX-approved transfers of *Robocop* and *The Silence of the Lambs* to retail at half the price of the CAV discs. Elite are planning a CLV version of their splendid restored presentation of *Night of the Living Dead*. Regular wide screen releases include *Hellraiser - Bloodline* (the 'Alan Smithes' version), the long-delayed *Necronomicon*, *House* (with theatrical trailer) and *The Last Supper*. From *Dusk Till Dawn* has been delayed to allow the simultaneous release of a special edition.

sure that the *Frankenstein* tape contains the long-deleted scene with the creature and little Maria by the lake - although it's obviously been taken from an inferior print - but this version still has Colin Clive's line as *Frankenstein* ("In the name of God, I know how it feels to be God!" obscured by a clap of thunder. Each film is supported by a trailer (not present on the review copies). These three seminal Horror films deserve a place in any collection.

CAT O'NINE TAILS

Director: Dario Argento
Starring: James Franciscus, Karl Malden
Warner Home Video (Terror Vision) Sell-Through
Even Dario's staunchest fan would have to admit that *Cat O'Nine Tails* is far from his best work. It's an above-average thriller, but it's been crippled by Warner's slapdash pan-and-scan transfer. Having re-released so many terrific titles in their original ratio (including eye-opening versions of *The Haunting*, *The Fearless Vampire Killers* (aka *Dance of the Vampires*) and *The Hitcher*) it's incredibly frustrating that *Terror Vision* doesn't seem to have any consistent policy on wide-screen transfers, resulting in vir-

tually worthless releases like this one and *Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires*.

EXORCIST II - THE HERETIC

Director: John Boorman
Starring: Richard Burton, Linda Blair, Max Von Sydow
Warner Home Video (Terror Vision) Sell-Through
The 112'41" European version of Boorman's confused and self-indulgent sequel to one of the greatest ever Horror films joins the *Terror Vision* label in a version which usurps its previous self-through incarnation, which ran for 98'13". The new version, identical to the original rental tape, and the one often screened by Sky, now includes the film's frenzied theatrical trailer. An overcooked turkey whichever way you carve it.

JUMANJI - THE SPECIAL EDITION

Director: Joe Johnston
Starring: Robin Williams, Bonnie Hunt, Jonathan Hyde
Encore Laserdisc (PAL)
Encore's superb CAV version of *Jumanji* looks even better than the snazzy CLV version reviewed last issue. The attraction of analyzing the film's many special effects sequences is



Top photo: Ralph Fiennes and Angela Russell in *Strange Days*

blunted a little when you discover that, unlike Rex Harryhausen's traditional stop-motion effects in *Encore's Jason* and *The Argonauts*, the computer generated creatures (the monkeys, rhinos, elephants, etc), come already blurred. Many of the effects were created with, or supplemented by, animatronic animals, and the film-maker's understandably decided to keep the boundaries sufficiently blurred by rapid editing. There's lots to be learned by breaking down the film's frantic pace.

The film itself is split over three sides, with better side breaks than the one on the CLV disc. The fourth side is in CLV, and contains about thirty-five minutes of behind the scenes material and interviews culled from the film's Electronic Press Kit. There's also ten minutes' of full-screen clips from the film that were released to television companies to promote the film. Most of the fourth side is presented with dual channel audio (music on one,

dialogue and sound effects on the other), which is very interesting. (Despite the note on the sleeve, playing both at once doesn't recreate the original mix, merely a confused bi-directional audio effect!) It does allow the viewer to hear segments of the film without music, and, conversely, to hear James Horner's music free from distraction. Of course this is merely a curious side effect of the way the Press Kit was put together; it wasn't designed with the home viewer in mind. Some clips don't feature any music, and some that do are crudely curtailed. You'll be surprised how artificial the sound effects seem without the music to smooth things out!

This disc has one final treat in store: two trailers, including one which is not on the CLV disc. The new trailer is in stereo, but the old one uses split audio, allowing you to hear how several pieces of music have been artlessly stuck together to create the impression of something seamless.

FILM REVIEWS

The latest in Horror cinema



THE LAST SUPPER

Director: Stacy Title

Stars: Cameron Diaz, Ron Eldard, Annabeth Gish, Jonathan Penner, Courtney B Vance

UK premiere: London Film Festival 4th Nov 1995

UK release: 23rd Aug 1996

Once a week a group of liberal, well educated students gather for a meal where they enjoy chewing over the events of the day and testing each other's morals with hypothetical ethical dilemmas. For example: If you went back to 1909 and met Adolf Hitler while he was still an art student, would you kill him, even though at that time he'd committed no crime? One evening the group is joined by tow-truck driver Zack (Bill Paxton), an ultra-right-wing bigot whose views repulse the group. Zack becomes violent and is accidentally stabbed and killed during a struggle. This presents the group with new ethical and practical problems. They decide to cover up Zack's death and bury him in the garden. Taking things one step further, they agree that the world is unquestionably a better place without him, and reason that they'd be doing society a favour if other obnoxious types – homophobic priests, anti-environmentalists, precocious college students – met a similar fate if they, too, fail to pass muster over dinner.

The Last Supper, Stacy Title's exceedingly modest pitch black comedy, vents considerable steam at the politics of the New Right; the incredible bigotry that seethes just below the surface of American democracy. British audiences might have trouble identifying some of the causes (they're expressed with



The grad students toast their newest victim in *The Last Supper*



Bill Paxton plays a mad truckie



The Last Supper is decidedly a drinking piece

rather more intensity by the Americans) but scratch away at the labels and you'll find that the issues are barely less relevant here; its satirical edge may be blunted for British viewers, its truths never waver far from home.

The film is essentially a chamber piece in the tradition of movies adapted from theatre plays (like *An Inspector Calls* and *Sleuth*). Most of the film takes place in the large dining room as, one by one, the group's victims are lined up like lambs to the slaughter. This string of



Cameron Diaz as Jude

murders, rather too briskly contemplated and accelerated, inevitably affects each member of the group in different ways, creating the requisite conflict and drama. The extremes are well portrayed. Jude (Cameron Diaz) quietly sobs as she attempts to disguise the burial plots in the back garden with pansies, but Luke (Courtney B Vance) quickly develops quite a taste for murder, even going as far as to viciously slab one teetotaler victim because she refuses to drink the group's poisoned wine.

Shot in a mere eighteen days for about \$500,000 – a minuscule budget by any reasonable standard – the film sensibly keeps a tight grip on its narrative and ambition. It does betray its fiscal shortcomings, both in the way it craftily integrates its guest performers (*Twister*'s Bill Paxton, *Ron Perlman*, *Charles Durning* and *Seinfeld*'s Jason Alexander) with the core cast,

and with a series of unfortunate, obvious and irritating continuity errors.

The lean ninety-minute running time means that the five lead performers (including *ER*'s Ron Eldard) each have to struggle to create memorable characters, but they're largely successful. Cameron Diaz's decision to use this film to develop her acting talents after her high-profile appearance in *The Mask* (in a role that was little more than decorative) was a wise one, and she acquits herself effortlessly.

Don Rosen's sharp script for **The Last Supper** merely toys with the arguments it propagates – except for the pro-life advocate there's little room for equivocation – but that's not really its aim. It's more concerned in analysing the complex motives and emotions that develop within the group and the way that a group of people who conspire in taking life subsequently interact (the common theme it shares with *Shallow Grave*). Sensibly realising that the issues that the film raises are more effectively debated elsewhere, Stacy Title uses her feature debut as a frantic tarantella to relieve the symptoms. Dark, bitter and twisted it may be, but **The Last Supper** is one meal you should not skip.

Anthony Tomlinson

MULTIPLICITY

Director: Harold Ramis

Stars: Michael Keaton, Andie MacDowell, Richard Masur

UK release: 27th Sept 1996

Who hasn't felt at one time or other that there just aren't enough hours in the day, or that you wish you could be in two places at once? Well, it's happened to Doug Kinney (Keaton), the

you have a certain sense of a constant high company, a devoted husband to Laura (MacDowell), and father. One particularly hectic day, he is offered the chance to change his life by the enigmatic Doctor Owen Leeds (played by Ramses' longtime associate Harris Yulin). Leeds clones Kinney, enabling him stop dividing his time between the office and home. Now he can spend all his time with his family, and still dedicate himself to earning himself a leg up at work, where a fiercely competitive colleague (a suitably sly and loathsome cameo from *Star Trek - The Next Generation's* John de Lancie), is busy scoring brownie points from their boss (*The Thing's* Richard Masur).

Up until this point the film brilliantly leads the viewer by the hand into accepting the premise without reservation. Suddenly the audience is confronted an idea that challenges the film's basis. Initially Doug #2 is happy to go along with Doug's plan, but soon begins to rebel. Who wants to spend all their time at work? Doug #2, who until the moment he was created shares the same memories as the original, also begins to resent the fact that he's no longer integrated into 'his' family. They try alternating their work/home schedules, but it soon becomes obvious that it's an arrangement that can't possibly work. Imagine sharing your job with someone with whom you have very little contact. Shut away in the garage, a part of the house that his wife never visits—yeah, as if!—Doug #2 is more than a little lonely. To Doug #2 the problem has a very obvious solution, and so Doug #3 is born. Whilst Doug #2 embodies the masculine elements of Doug (he's a womanizing slob), Doug #3 epitomizes the feminine side (a natural home-maker). Things become even more complicated when Doug #2 creates clone number four; Doug #4 is a delightful dimwit, likened to making a photocopy from a photocopy of a the original. Unchallenged by the conventions of social interaction Doug #4 is completely uncontrollable, living by his own in-



This photo: Michael Keaton and Michael Keaton and Michael Keaton in *Groundhog Day*. Below: Talking to yourself?

stincts and urges. He even has problems remembering what Doug's name is! I must admit that Doug #4 had me laughing so much that I was literally gasping for air as he paraded a hilarious repertoire of ingenious activities.

What began as a farce (the clone and the original both using the same restaurant) spirals into pandemonium, gathering momentum until it seems likely to explode. By duplicating himself all Doug's done is multiply the problem, as he realises that each clone deserves and needs a life of his own.

Like Ramses' 1993 hit *Groundhog Day* (with which *Multiplicity* shares a tone, but little more) this is a polished production, nowhere more so than in the clever and funny script by two writing teams: Chris Miller and Mary Hale, and Ron Howard's favourite writers Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel. Incidentally, Miller and Ramses had worked together before, on *National Lampoon's Animal House*, with their writing partner, Douglas Kenney.

The film stands or falls on Michael Keaton's performances as the Kinney quadruplets. Taking their lead from the script, the differences between Doug and his clones are far from subtle (not in the same way as Jeremy Irons in *Dead Ringers*, for example) and are painted with broad strokes. Keaton has quite a gift for comedy, but has



rarely been granted a vehicle to showcase it (perhaps the nearest was Tim Burton's *Beetlejuice*). It's never difficult to tell one Doug from another thanks to Keaton's bravura performances.

Keaton leaves little room on screen for the other performers. Andie MacDowell fulfills the role of wife admirably, but is not given the same sort of opportunities granted to her in *Groundhog Day* or *Four Weddings*. She propels much of the plot, however. Her ambitions to return to her career create disharmony and cause Doug to question his own future.

The film also relies heavily on Richard Edlund's special effects for the scenes where more than one Doug is on the screen. Some of these scenes are very effective, probably the result of state of the art digital technology. Sadly there are others which look like they've been created using old-fash-

ioned optical effects and these are rather poor, resulting in some sequences that are very grainy. (They should work better on television, although Laszlo Kovac's careful Panavision compositions are likely to be ruined).

The film effortlessly succeeds in its intention to create an easy-going comedy. There's no room for an examination of the more serious implications that cloning might create; the film skillfully steers away from anything that might distract from its convoluted humour. It may not be four times as funny as the average comedy, but it certainly comes pretty close. Having already had a hand in creating two fantasy classics (*Ghostbusters* and *Groundhog Day*) Mr Ramses can now without fear of contradiction, lay claim to a third.

Stephen Foster

BOOK REVIEWS



Edited and reviewed by David Howe

THIS MONTH'S AUTHORS

Stephen King is the best-selling author of more than thirty works of fiction many of which have been adapted for the screen or television. He lives in Bangor, Maine. Richard Bachman was the author of the novels *Rage*, *The Long Walk*, *Roadwork*, *The Running Man* and *Thinner*. He died in 1985 and *The Regulators* has been published posthumously. Dean Koontz has sold over 160 million copies of his books world-wide and lives in southern California.

DESPERATION

By Stephen King
Hodder & Stoughton
545 pp £16.99 h/b

Over the last few years many myself included, had wondered if Stephen King's bubble had finally burst. After making his name as the author of numerous superlative Horror novels, he seemed to have strayed into a corner of the market reserved for feminist fiction. Books like *Gerald's Game* and *Dolores Claiborne* contain little or no supernatural elements while *Rose Madder*, which featured 'strange happenings', was just a mess.

I'm very pleased to report, however, that with *Desperation* King seems to be back on form.

The title refers to a dilapidated mining town in the Nevada desert in which something strange is happening. Several strangers are kidnapped by the town's sheriff and terrorised before finally being locked up. The sheriff, it seems, has gone insane and has systematically wiped out the original inhabitants - their bodies are still lying around and some have been displayed, as if in a trophy house.

Those brought to the town - Peter and Mary Jackson, Ralph and Ellie Carver (with their two children David and Kirsten) and the rock-and-roll poet Johnny Marneville - suffer horror beyond their wildest imaginations as the sheriff cold-bloodedly kills some of their number and torments those remaining.

There is most definitely something wrong in *Desperation* and this sickness seems to have its centre in an abandoned mine-workings beside the town. The sheriff had been fine, but now he is bigger than he was before, as if his body is swelling from within. David Carver finds his solace in religion and discovers that his God is speaking to him, telling him what to do. When Marneville's helper, Steve Ames, together with a girl hitchhiker called Cynthia Smith arrive, the pattern starts to come together.

For there is an ancient force called Tak living within the mine-workings. And Tak wants to be released, no matter how many have to die in order to achieve this.

One of the reasons that *Desperation* works is that King wastes no time in getting on with the story. Unlike *Needful Things* or *Insomnia*, *Desperation* is action from page one and the pressure never lets up. Another reason why the book works is that it is all set in a limited timescale. Dean Koontz has achieved this 'rollercoaster' effect in several of his thrillers and here King manages the same.

There are shocks and surprises along the way, as King is not afraid to kill off formerly leading characters in order to keep the book rolling, and those remaining cope well with these twists and turns in the plot.

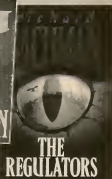
The supernatural Tak who is revealed to be behind the events is an adversary of the first order, a formless, bodiless, seething evil who can take over the



minds and bodies of humans to do its dirty work. In addition, Tak can control animals, insects and birds leading to scenes involving confrontation between these creatures and the humans. If you are squeamish about spiders, scorpions and snakes then this book may not be for you.

I am pleased that King seems to have found his niche once more. After the disappointing part-work, *The Green Mile*, a return to form was long overdue.

David Howe



THE REGULATORS

By Richard Bachman
Hodder & Stoughton
334pp £16.99 h/b

Anyone picking up both Stephen King's *Desperation* and Richard Bachman's *The Regulators* this year is in for a bit of a surprise. Especially if they did not know possibly the worst-kept publishing secret of all time - that King and Bachman were in fact one and the same person.

For both books feature characters with the same names, and with the same adversary. But that is where the similarity ends.

At the beginning of *The Regulators*, the peaceful tranquility of a street in Wentworth, Ohio is shattered by the arrival of several brightly coloured vans which seem eerily similar to those driven by the heroes of a children's cartoon series called *Motocops 2000*. A blunt muzzle emerges from the vans and the killing starts. The first victim is paperboy Cary Ripton, followed by several others. Ellen and Ralph Carver are two children who see the killing and their parents David and Kirsten find themselves, along with others in the town, including Cynthia Smith, the newsagent and the fading writer Johnny Marneville, in the middle of an all-out siege as the vans start to lay waste to the street in earnest. Then reality starts to change. Wentworth vanishes to be replaced by the dust-dry environs of a wild west town and there seems to be no escape.



Behind all the death and destruction is a child named Peter Jackson, or rather the entity which inhabits him. This is Tak, picked up from an abandoned mine near the deserted village of Desperation. Tak is using the boy's likes to form a fantasy world in which it can live, thus the cartoon killers have become mixed with a fiftees western called **The Regulators**.

It is up to Johnny Marneville to save the day, but Johnny's not sure that he can.

The Regulators and **Desperation** together are a strange and confusing mix. Especially for a reviewer who has read them both, one after the other. The character names are the same, but the characters are completely different, the treatment is also different, as is the writing style. Either **Bachman** really does exist, or King has a serious case of schizophrenia. It really is as though two different writers collaborated together on the basic idea for a book: an ancient formless evil trapped in a mine shaft; came up with a list of character names, and then went away separately to write two different books on the subject.

In my view, **Desperation** is superior to **The Regulators** as the latter is less coherent and does not hang together so effectively. It also doesn't grip in the same way as **Desperation**, relying on horror and violence to carry the plot rather than characterisation. Despite this,

The Regulators is still streets ahead of King's more recent fare and makes for an enjoyable read.

David Howe

TICKTOCK

By Dean Koontz

Headline

311pp £16.99 h/b

Like Koontz' previous book, **Intensity**, **Ticktock** is a novel which takes place in a well defined time period. Writer Tommy Phan is disconcerted to find a rag doll left outside his apartment under mysterious circumstances. He brings it inside only to find it transforming into a ravaging **Gremlins**-like monster which proceeds to chase him around his apartment.

Tommy escapes but the creature is hot on his heels. Salvation comes in the form of a young lady called Deliverance Payne (or Del for short) who helps him escape from his pursuer. There follows an epic chase over the course of one night as the demon closes in on Tommy time and again and Del helps him elude it. Del is much more than an ordinary girl as she is able to drive cars and boats with equal aplomb and shows no hesitation in crashing them in spectacular fashion.

Ticktock is another whirlwind read from Koontz who is one of the few writers whose work always look forward to and who rarely fails to deliver. In an afterword to the book, Koontz describes the work as a screwball comedy, but I think his definition of such a subgenre (which, to be fair, he follows to the letter in **Ticktock**) is not the same as mine. **Ticktock** is an exciting thriller with supernatural overtones. It is only in the closing stages, when the provenance of the demon is revealed, that things start to get a little silly.

One's suspension of disbelief is stretched to breaking point by the explanations – especially Del's history – but the book shines, and is great fun to read. After the mind-numbing intensity of **Intensity** (pun intended) it's refreshing to read Koontz in a slightly lighter frame of mind.

David Howe

The Complete Films of Vincent Price

by Lucy Chase Williams
Citadel Press, 286 pages;
\$19.95/approx £14.99

This is a corker of a book. Unlike the general run of **Citadel's Films of...** series, it's lavishly colourful both photographically and textually. It comes complete with a lengthy biographical introduction, revealing the full scope of this Renaissance Man's extraordinary life, and has detailed coverage of all his 100 films. It's also handsomely designed and offers a wealth of excerpts from private correspondence and even from doodles in the margins of Price's scripts. And there are plenty of all-star testimonials scattered throughout the text, from people like Roger Corman, Jane Russell, Christopher Lee, Gregory Peck, Charlton Heston, Dennis Hopper, Robert Mitchum, Maureen O'Hara and Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

The voice which comes over most vividly, however, is Price's own, whether grumbling to his agent ('I have managed to survive all the crap of AIP') or explaining his passionate latter-day relationship with his third wife, Coral Browne ('Coral and I have formed the permissive society for the elderly'). He also offers a rationale for his Gothic performances with the words, 'We make the unbelievable believable.'

Unfortunately, this is about as analytical as the book gets where Price's acting is concerned. Mark Miller's Lee and Cushing book takes great care to examine their performances in detail and determine what makes them tick, but Lucy Chase Williams seems to take Price's brilliance as read. What, for instance, can be gleaned from Price's extremely revealing comment, regarding his celebrated late 70s one-man show about Oscar Wilde: 'It was the only time ever in my whole life when I really, completely, fell into the character?' Lucy Chase Wil-

liams gleans nothing from it, just allowing it to stand in tantalising isolation. Also, to bolster Price's position 'as the unrivaled Master of Menece', she makes rather dubious claims like 'Brits Lee and Cushing failed to achieve international stardom'. By 'international', of course, she means 'American'.

Reading between the lines, one gets the impression she prefers the fruitily tongue-in-cheek performances which became Price's trademark (*Pit and the Pendulum* and *The Abominable Dr Phibes* are particular favourites) to those in which he rained himself in and delivered something more genuinely frightening. His performance in *Witchfinder General*, for instance, she dismisses as 'constrained' rather than 'restrained'. Constrained by what? By Michael Reeve's unempathetic-to-Vincent direction, it seems – 'unempathetic-to-Vincent' being a major crime where this author is concerned.

Having said that, Chase Williams makes it very clear that Reeves, in being 'unempathetic-to-Vincent', was in a minority of about one. Though the author doesn't delve into the breakdown of his first two marriages, or examine Price's 'gloomy moods' (which he escaped from via his legendary enthusiasm for and expertise in art), her 'hope [that] something of his spirit has come through' is amply fulfilled. Highly recommended.

Jonathan Rigby





WITCH REPORT

The *Shivers* review of *The Craft* by Anthony Tomlinson

Toil and trouble indeed as three wannabe witches find a kindred spirit to complete their coven...

WHEN newcomer Sarah (Robin Tunney) moves into the neighbourhood, she meets three isolated, introspective girls – they share a common bond. Each wants to gain a little control over the circumstances that life has dealt them – and witchcraft is the way to do it. Bonnie (*Party of Five*'s Nico Campbell) has horrific burn scars that cover her back, and wants to be beautiful inside and out. Rochelle (Rachel True) wants not to hate those who hate her – specifically racist classmate Liana (Christine Taylor) who calls her a 'Nigroid'. Sarah just wants to be loved – she retreats to leap into bed with the first student that propositions her and he tells the school that she's a 'loosey-lax'. Disenchanted Nancy (Janetia Balko) wants all the tangible benefits that dabbling in the black arts will provide. Each is granted their wish, but they have to earn the hard way that with

power comes responsibility, and that's the lesson. The coven's plans begin to spiral out of control like the wishes granted by *The Godfather Part 2* ("Whatever you send out, you get back times three"), warns a wise witch and occult shopkeeper Lino (*Matador*'s Assumpta Serna).

DRAMATIC CHANGE

Each of the girls changes quite dramatically in the course of the film, symbolized by the swarm of butterflies that magically appears after they have sealed their vow. Shy, introverted Bonnie transforms into a slutti-sh sexual predator. Sarah, whose natural aptitude for witchcraft has been inherited from her mother, quickly learns to master and channel the power within her, but she has to face her innermost fears. Rochelle is reminded that appearances really don't count for anything, especially after the coven learns to manipulate them using a process named 'the glamour'. Nancy greedily embraces the negative aspects of the craft and is eventually corrupted into something resembling a demented Ruby Wax.

Each actress adroitly tackles the progression, but Balko's sassy and intense portrayal of white trash loner Nancy is

Left: The darker side of witchcraft is made manifest

especially effective. She provides a far more effective and rewarding focus for the viewer's attention than the intended heroine, Sarah. It's only Nancy's unquenchable thirst for power (and the resultant shift in her relationships with the other coven members) that gives the film any sense of linear progression; and only Balko's outstanding performance that gives the film much of an edge.

It's a shame that the screenplay, which preaches tolerance and uses political correctness to skewer its targets, uses clichés of good and evil to sketch out the stereotypical lifestyles of its two chief protagonists. Nancy lives with her dysfunctional parents in a trailer home, physically abused by her slop of a stepfather. She dyes her hair, has a pierced nose and has been generous with her sexual favours. The sweet, virginal Sarah, who runs to Daddy at the first sign of trouble, lives in a Spanish-style hacienda (albeit one with a leaky roof!). She's the epitome of virtue. Glinda to Nancy's Wicked Witch of the West, the eventual outcome might have had small audiences cheering, but look a little deeper and there's precious little justice, only pity.

EMPORIUM

The occult-supplies shop is the location for several scenes. It is especially important for Sarah: it's here that she is recognized by the audience as being different from the other coven members, if only because declines to take advantage of the group's traditional 'five finger discount'. It's also where she takes refuge when things begin getting out of hand. Lino becomes Sarah's mentor, advisor and surrogate mother. There's a secret back room, which when it finally comes into play is completely wasted. There are so many loose ends and underdeveloped plot threads in *The Craft* that you might mistake the movie for a rough cut of a much longer film.

The Craft is a film of two rather disjointed halves – although those paying close attention will see the seeds of the second half sown quite subtly in the first. It begins as a dark *Heathers* style black comedy, mainly centred on the Catholic school, St Benedict's Academy, where the three coven members are deftly portrayed as outcasts. When they walk the halls the jocks announce a 'scary bitch alert'. A bus driver drops the women off, warning them to 'Watch out for those weirdos'. (To which Nancy, with characteristic relish, replies 'We are those weirdos, mister!')

The first half shows the women having a great deal of fun bonding, and relish-

Right: The girls who do that old black magic
Below: Fairuz Balk as Nancy

ing their new-found powers. It's apparent that Nancy, however, is becoming increasingly annoyed that the dark art is being employed too trivially. Nancy needed convincing to allow Sarah into the coven and, in retrospect, her initial judgement is correct: Sarah is a destabilizing force who never really fits in. The resulting conflict nearly unbalances the second, more formulaic, part of the movie, which details the disintegration of the witches' union.

NO HOLDS BARRED

Andrew Fleming (director of the derivative 1988 chiller *Bad Dreams*) uses special effects sparingly and sensibly (at least until the no-holds-barred finale). Most of them are very successfully executed, although a sudden change in the texture of the image sometimes betrays the use of digital chicanery (when the witches experiment with their appearances, for example). Fleming most effectively uses his effects to conjure some startling imagery: a shot of Nancy casually walking on water; the slow camera spiral around the levitating Rochelle; and the chilling moment – curiously, it's even more effective in the trailer – of Nancy gliding on tiptoe towards her nemesis. There's also one uncharacteristically subtle moment to relish, a reflection in a mirror that isn't quite right.

The portrayal of magic in the film is typical lightweight Hollywood hokum, perhaps a little better thought through than most. Little of it is foreboding, (although anyone that has a problem with snakes, bugs or spiders might want to think twice as all are present in abundance). The rather unfortunate 15 certificate should give you a good idea of what to expect. (The filmmakers were aiming for a PG-13, but ended up with an R rating in the US).

The Craft is a film whose superficiality is a positive asset: a Horror movie for the MTV generation. The movie's liberal use of pop songs (The Smiths, Juliana Hatfield, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Portishead, etc) is of dubious value to the narrative, but they do create a thread that helps bind the film together, giving it a thematic consistency that is lacking in the script. Fans of 'proper' film music will realise that you're in trouble when the Executive Music Producer appears on the credits before the Composer. There are fifteen songs in the film, and they are used quite clumsily, effectively sidelining Graeme Revell's unpleasant score. Only one song, coupled with the effective use of slow-

motion, is truly effective in context. Only one other track sticks in the mind: an ethereal cover of Peter Gabriel's *I Have It*, *Touch* by Heather Nova, and that plays over the end credits. Soundtrack sales increasingly dictate the use of unsuitable music in a film, in the same way that many kid's programmes merely showcase the use of toys. Here, as is all too often the case, plastering contemporary music over the film is a marketing ploy that is likely to severely limit the its long-term appeal.

The Craft is precisely the film you'd expect from the director of *Threesome*, the writer of *Flatliners* and the producer of *Wolf*. Fleming has a keen ear for realistic *My So-Called Life* teen-angst dialogue and an affinity for this type of material. Writer Peter Filardi provides some interesting theological ideas that give added depth to the film's premise. Douglas Wick's team has brought excellent production values to a genre movie on a tight budget (rumoured to have been in the region of \$1.5m). Particularly noteworthy are the excellent cinematography by Fleming's regular director of photography, Alexander Gruszynski (here using an experimental type of film stock) and Marek Dobrowolski's colour coordinated production design.



The Craft was hugely successful in the US, where it no doubt cast a spell over mainstream audiences there with its straightforward plot, accomplished special effects and, above all, the engaging performances from its principle cast. It may have begun life as a simple B-Movie high-concept idea ('Hey, what about a movie with teenage witches?'), but it has ended up being far more entertaining than it had any right to be. It may not be entirely bewitching, but it has its magic moments.

THE CRAFT
Director: Andrew Fleming
Stars: Fairuz Balk, Robin Tunney,
Neve Campbell, Rachel True
UK premiere: Fantasm Festival NFT,
28th July 1996
UK release: 8th November 1996



SOUND TRACKS

Edited by Julian Knott



THERE'S not a lot of space for Greame Revell's score for *The Craft* between all the pop songs, and what does creep in is fairly subtle. There are two albums from the film, one featuring the songs, the other the score (VSD 5732, 35m). Revell's score, comprised mainly of ethereal Indian-tinged ambient soundscapes, and continuing his experimentation with sampled sounds, is as unusual as his score for *The Crow*, but not nearly as accessible.

You'll only find a two-minute cue from Thomas Newman's score to *Phantom on the CD* (Reprise, 9362-46360-2, 45m): a bright end bouncy track featuring a driving drum rhythm, not nearly enough to satisfy any of the composer's many fans! The rest of the CD features songs from the film, including the catchy Eric Clapton track *Change The World* and exclusive recordings from Bryan Ferry and a self-remixed version of Peter Gabriel's *I Have The Touch* (a song also featured in *The Craft*, by the way!)

CULT FILES

Silva Screen's *The Cult Files*, (*The Cult Files*, geddit? It's a play on...oh, never mind...), is billed as "the ultimate collection of cult film and TV themes". This double CD compilation (FILMXCD 184, 154m), is an interesting creature. One disc is devoted to TV themes, the other to film music, (mostly of the *Main Theme* variety), and once again they seem to have

been largely culled from Silva's existing library of recordings. Most of the TV themes, (including a passable version of the original *Doctor Who* theme arranged by Mark Ayres, Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased) and two versions of *The X-Files*), are pretty faithful, but none is entirely satisfying. The brief is wide enough to include several cop show themes, at the expense of more worthy telefantasy material. *The Tomorrow People* is particularly notable by its absence. Silva also missed a real opportunity not including the *Men in a Suitcase* theme, as it's currently being used by TFI Friday. The second disc, no more interesting than many similar compilations, is even more eclectic, but just as predictable. Genre titles include *Alien*, *The Omen*, *Halloween* and *Legend*. Perhaps not a collection for this seasoned collector, but it'd be a great present to give to someone who's displaying signs of being a soundtrack convert! It's also a thousand times better than Telstar's *Out of This World* disc (reviewed in *Shivers* 32). Not tempted? Perhaps the fact that it retails for the price of a single disc will convince you.

SEAQUEST

I thought that now was a good time to take a look at John Debney's CD of music from *SeaQuest DSV* (VSD 5585, 30m), as the programme is sporadically appearing in various ITV regions. The CD features cheery orchestral suites from three first season episodes, *To Be Or Not*

To Be, Knight of Shadows and *Such Great Patience*. Speaking of things wet and sea-salty, Don Davis' rich score for the mini-series *The Beast* (VSD 5731, 74m) embraces many of the clichés associated with underwater menaces (swirling herps, etc) but still has a lot to recommend it. Unusually generous for a Verese Sarabande score (reflecting the series' epic running time), *The Beast* is split into thirty separate cues ranging in duration from twenty-three seconds to over six minutes. Once again Sarabande provide nothing useful by way of sleeve information, but Davis' other credits include a good score for the Next Generation episode *Face of the Enemy*.

THE ARRIVAL

The Arrival (FILMCD 182, 41m) is Arthur Kemp's old-fashioned score for the Charlie Sheen movie due here in the next couple of months. Performed by the Northwest Sinfonia, the score features a lot of phony-sounding Silvestri-styls ethnic percussion, and is really only worth buying if you're taken with the film.

You might have some difficulty finding the soundtrack to Anthony Waller's giallo Horror Mute Witness, available on Import (Tristar Music, WK 35052, 49m). Like the film, it's well worth checking out. The composer, Wilbert Hirsch, is apparently a friend of the director. It's a luscious orchestral score performed by the Russian State Symphonic Cinematographic Orchestra. There are no liner notes, so why the bonus 'not in film' track *Death In The Courtyard* is performed by a different orchestra is a bit of a mystery.

Finally, even if you've had quite enough of Independence Day, you should still check out the excellent dramatized cassette version of *Independence Day UK* (Speaking Volumes, 532 963 4, approx. 70m), which reinterprets the invasion from a British perspective. The stalwart cast includes Colin Baker, Toyah Wilcox and Patrick Moore, and Danni Minogue as the alien. It's a first-rate production recorded in Dolby Surround, and is well up to the standard of the production team's previous work, (*Judge Dredd*, *Batman*, etc.)



THE X-FILES

MERCHANDISE ROUND-UP

by
Stephen
Foster

A roundup of recent and forthcoming The X-Files merchandise

THE long-awaited CD of Mark Snow's incidental music from the series has finally been released, (it only took three years!). *Songs In The Key of X* was very popular and no doubt made Warner Brothers a great deal of money, but it was also extremely disappointing. It only featured a couple of tracks that had actually been used in the series, and some of the songs were pretty lame. You certainly couldn't accuse Mark Snow's new CD, *The Truth and the Light* (Warner Brothers, 9362-46448-2, 43m), of simply cashing in on *The X-Files* because virtually every note of it has been heard in the show. Continuing *Songs in the Key of X's* tradition of being bloody-minded, the new CD features track titles in your original Latin, and the episode that each cue comes from isn't identified. What you do get is one long suite of synthesizer music peppered with subtly blended dialogue samples from the show. There are a lot of familiar cues here, from a variety of episodes. Occasionally Snow has augmented the original cues using overdubs. Snow's scores are one of the series' best features, and the music here is excellent. The dialogue is intrusive, unnecessary and annoying, and will be a great disappointment to anyone who was looking forward to hearing Snow's music with-

out distraction. The disc also features a straight version of *Materia Prima* (the *X-Files Theme* (Main Title) and the *Flex-finger Terrestrial Mix* (from the official CD single).

Fox Video's plans for releasing *The X-Files* continue to change. *File 6: Master Plan* will be released on November 4th, with the season three finale, *Talitha Cum*, and Season Four opener *Herrenvolk* (four months before it's due on Sky, almost a year before it's scheduled to be shown by the BBC). There are still no signs of *File 4: Colony* (*Colony* and *End Game*).

The major surprise from Fox is that they are going to release an £80 limited-edition (40,000 copies) boxed set containing all the episodes from season one on five tapes. Each tape will feature an introduction by Chris Carter. The box offers stalwart fans the opportunity to buy some episodes for the second or even third time, bringing a whole new dimension to the word fleecing. (That's a polite way of saying that Fox Video are taking the piss). The price is commendable but will be out of the reach of some potential buyers, so be very good in the next couple of weeks, and drop lots of heavy hints to Santa.

Encore Entertainment have issued two laserdiscs featuring Fox Video's compilations: *File 1: The Unopened File*,



(EE1145, rrp £29.99), containing *Assassini*, *The Blessing Way* and *Paper Clip*; and *File 2: Tooms* (EE1146, £21.99), containing *Tooms* and *Squeeze*. Each disc features trailers for two other X-Files discs. Unedited episodes are available in NTSC format, with specially-shot introductions by Chris Carter (possibly the ones due to be included on the box set). Picture quality is about 60% sharper than a VHS recording, and the discs have CD-quality digital surround sound.

X-FILESTALKING BOOKS

HarperCollins have adapted several of their X-Files novels as AudioBooks™. Joining *Ground Zero* is *Ruins* (HCA 412 / ISBN 0-00-105218-7, approx. 180m), from the novel by Kevin J. Anderson, narrated by Mitch (Skinner) Pileggi. Although I'd prefer to have Gillian Anderson whispering in my ears, Pileggi ably acquies himself, with a measured and confident manner suited to the medium. The story, about strange transmissions from a Mayan ruin, is a marked improvement over the fencible *Ground Zero*. It's been effectively abridged, stripping away some of Anderson's long-winded tale.

The series of adaptations of television episodes published by HarperCollins intended for younger readers - a fact not apparent from the cassette sleeves - have also been turned into talking books. *X Marks The Spot* (the title being increas-

ingly used for the *Pilot* episode), *Darkness Falls* and *Humbug*, adapted by Les Martin, and *Squeeze*, adapted by Ellen Steiber, are all read by experienced radio performer Kerry Shale. I don't have any quibbles with Shale's performance, which is often more expressive than Anderson or Pileggi's, but it's not the same as using one of the stars of the series (which somehow validates the medium). This series, each about two-hours long, has the added attraction of being unabridged. *Humbug* and *Squeeze* work best in this format, and, perhaps not altogether coincidentally, also have the strongest plots. The catalogue numbers are: *X Marks The Spot* (HCA 436 / ISBN 0-00-105249-7), *Darkness Falls* (HCA 437 / ISBN 0-00-105250-0), *Humbug* (HCA 438 / ISBN 0-00-105251-9) and *Squeeze* (HCA 439 / ISBN 0-00-105252-7).



The Phantom



SHIVERS



ASIA, I THINK I LOVE YOU...

Dear Alan Jones,
I thanks for the great time I had at 'Fantasm'. I felt **The Stendhal Syndrome** was Dario's best film since **Inferno**. It was really weird seeing the Ufrizzi precisely one year after I tried to infiltrate the set! It was well worth the wait and it was my first visit to the NFT, and I was grateful for the standby system which enabled me to get a ticket.
I was ecstatic when Dario expressed his love for Pre-Raphaelite art, lets hope for a Pre-Raphaelite Three Mothers conclusion, set around London and Oxford where DeQuincey wrote *Levana*, and Millias painted *Ophelia*. I regret not having asked a question during the interview you conducted, I must admit I was a little annoyed with the predominantly technical questions cast by the audience, but then I only have myself to blame.
Later, I nearly collapsed when the **Stendhal Syndrome** was extensively plugged on the Channel Four Botticelli Primavera documentary.
The most depressing aspect of the week however was reading in *The Independent* that my object of desire, Asia Argento, is no longer obscure. I hope Asia continues playing difficult, slightly insane roles. Her performance in **Trauma** was beautifully melancholy, and it remains a memorable film purely for that. That brings to mind the only irritating aspect of *Fantasm*, which was why couldn't Dario let Asia take part in the interview? Is she as fascinating as she is beautiful? Does she intend to write? Dario reckons she's a good poet, if she does write, assuming it is for film, what is she particularly interested in, I wonder? Does she share the esoteric interests of her parents?
Please interview her, as she is now a talented actress in her own right – not just Dario's daughter
Daniel Bird,
Oakmoor, Staffs

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BARKER QUICKIE

First off, thanks for a great magazine! Although a little heavy on **The X-Files**, your general coverage of Horror-related entertainment is to be praised. In Issue 34, you reviewed **Lord of Illusions** on laserdisc. Being a massive CB fan/collector, I was pleased to read the article and then to find an ex-rental video copy of the film in Manchester. To my puzzlement, a lot of the scenes discussed in your review as 'missing' were included in the rental version. The running time on my copy was 116 minutes. Is this a one-off for this country – or was I just lucky?

Raymond Clarke
Partington, Manchester
(It seems that, for once, we were lucky in this country - our rental version was the extended version. The only time the original US theatrical version was seen in the UK was at last year's *Fantasm*, and it's that version from which our first film review was taken).

WELL DONE

Well done on producing a detailed and creatively laid-out horror mag. We've needed one in Britain for a while to challenge the likes of *Fangoria*. There is just one complaint. While I enjoy your superb Hammer stuff, I feel the modern Horrors are neglected a bit. I'm not talking about **X-Files** etc, but things like the **Amityville**s, **Elm Streets**, **Friday the 13th**s, **Howlings** and **Puppetmasters**. These all have a large fan base and we would love to see some more coverage on these. Keep up the good work.
Pejmon Modjarrad, Kent
via e-mail

X-FILES SEASON 4 NEWS AND SCHEDULE

Compiled by Nigel Adams

4X01
Herrenvolk
Writer: Chris Carter,
Director: R W Goodwin
US premiere:
4th October 1996
You want aliens, clones,
bounty hunters, shape
shifters... and bees?
You got 'em!

4X02
Unruhe
Writer: Vince Gilligan,
Director: Rob Bowman
US premiere:
11th October 1996

4X03
Home
Writers: Glen Morgan &
James Wong,
Director: Kim Manners
US premiere:
18th October 1996

A strange family in a small town called Home have no electricity, no heat, and no modern luxuries, but they've been breeding their own cattle, pigs, chickens... and their own family.

4X04
Teliko
Writer: Howard Gordon
Director: Jim Charleston
US premiere:
27th October 1996
This is the first episode to be aired on a Sunday night, and it has been described by Chris Carter as a 'good monster show'.

4X05
The Field Where I Died
Writers: Glen Morgan &
James Wong,
Director: Rob Bowman
US premiere:
3rd November 1996

4X06
Singularium
Writer: Valeria Mayhew &
Vivian Mayhew,
Director: Kim Manners
US premiere:
10th November 1996

4X07
Writers: Glen Morgan &
James Wong
Centres around CSM
and guest-stars Morgan
Weisser (Space: Above &
Beyond) as Leo Harvey
Oswald.

3 'mythology' episodes have apparently so far been written; one will see Mulder and Scully discover a woman with no arms or legs trapped under a bed; and Scully will fall into the clutches of a man who kills women by 'operating on their frontal lobes with an ice pick'!



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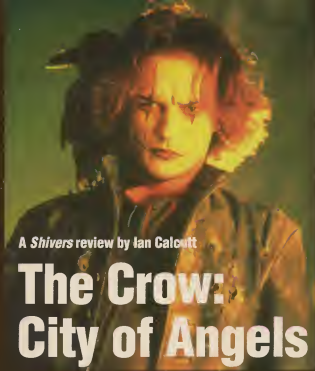
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SHIVERS CLASSIFIEDS



A *Shivers* review by Ian Calcutt

The Crow: City of Angels

THE follow-up to 1993's excellent, James O'Hara-inspired hit *The Crow* will really give you the bird. At best, *The Crow: City of Angels* is only half as effective as the first film. It's as if the death of Brandon Lee fuelled everyone's efforts on the original to overcome the spookily pertinent 'bird of ill-omen' curse and make the best of the dark comic book adaptation. Obviously no-one bothered with the sequel. Vincent Perez steps into Lee's shoes – and leathers – as Ashe, another victim of wrongful death brought back to life to seek revenge by a mystical crow. Apart from seeking justice for his murdered son (as opposed to fiancée), the plot is as before. Ashe is assisted by Sarah (Kirshner), the girl from the first film who is now an adult, even though the film strangely makes this link so cryptic it's almost subliminal.

Unlike Lee, Swiss actor Perez (Indochine, *La Reine Margot*) fails to convince as the brooding, modern Gothic hero. After a few sobs while burying his son, he's off eliminating his enemies with exaggerated exultation. The irony of the trademark 'smiling face' make-up seems to have passed him by completely. He also pays mere lip service to the tragic emotional side of his character. Sarah was an es-

sential part in the original, but here very little to do here, which is a shame since Kirshner (*Exotica*, *Murder in the First*), even in the brief screen-time she is allotted, is by far the most talented cast-member in the film.

The rest of the actors just seem to be there for their looks rather than their thespian talents. Iggy Pop 'appears' perfect playing one of the sadistic gang of

drug-obsessed murderers, but his attempt with dialogue produce unintentionally hilarious results. That said, David S Goyer's screenplay consists of such creaky, pompous lines and disconnected ramblings about the mythology of 'Death' that even the most capable of actors would come across as if they were mouthing poor comic-book speech bubbles.

As the gang leader, Judeh, the one-dimensional Brooke makes a weak replacement for Michael Wincott – the chilling, incestuous slime-bell in the original. Despite S&M overtones and Modern Primitive tattoo imagery, the villains are stereotypes, and the stylized, almost apocalyptic LA setting – incorporating strip clubs, gun-toting gangs and the South American Day of the Dead festival – is under-developed. After *Escape from LA* and now this film, producers should be wary of thinking that a futuristic Los Angeles is an enticing enough backdrop to detract from any film's creative shortcomings.

Tim Pope's direction shows the worst excesses of debut features by music video and edvert veterans. Had the script and cast been more inspiring, the outcome wouldn't simply be like an 80-minute version of one of his videos for *The Cure*. Composer Greame Revell and designer Alex McDowell both come back and add to their good work in the original, but the film's positive points are too few in number. In fact, Jean Yves Escoffier's photography spoils the entire look of the film by a misplaced fondness for yellow filters. Many scenes would make fine images for an art gallery, but as a motion picture, this *Crow* project doesn't take off.



Vincent Perez as Ashe in *The Crow: City of Angels*



**A Shivers preview
by James Abery**

The Phantom

A look at another Dark Hero – The Phantom, now the star of a new Hollywood movie

THE PHANTOM was born in 1936, the creation of writer and cartoonist Lee Falk. It was a good time for comic strip heroes – Batman, Superman and Flash Gordon all emerged in what is now regarded as the Golden Age of Comics. While all the other Comic heroes seem to have found their way onto the large and small screen in a variety of guises, *The Phantom* remained unseen anywhere but in the pages of the comic books, despite the stories being translated into 25 languages, with an audience of 60 million people in 40 countries around the world. All that will change now, of course, as Billy Zane brings the character of Kit Walker, alias The Phantom, to the big screen in a new film from director Simon Wincer, with a script by Jeffrey Boam, for Paramount.

Zane, already an accomplished screen actor at the age of 31, came to prominence in his debut movie *Dead Calm*, in which he starred as a psychotic army veteran who attacks Sam Neill and Nicole Kidman on their isolated boat. As *The Phantom*, he is ably supported by a starry cast, includ-

ing the eminent Patrick McCowhan (as Walker's father) Catherine Zeta-Jones, Kristy Swanson (star of *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*) and Treat Williams as the villain of the piece, Xander Drax. (How many other screen villains have been called Drax? Answers on a postcard...) Drax is seeking the fabulous Skulls of Toganda, mythic artefacts which will, in the grand tradition, grant their possessor unlimited power. The film uses the setting of Falk's original strips, recreating 1930s New York, in the way that *The*

Rocketeer, which *Shivers* did brought a fantastic comic-strip character to the silver screen, used the settings of Thirties Hollywood.

The plot has all the mythic resonances necessary for comic strip – *The Phantom* is the latest in a line of heroes whose secret has been passed down from father to son – as a boy, the first Phantom watched his own father ambushed at sea by the Sengh, a vicious brotherhood of pirates. Like Batman, the boy dedicated his life to the fight against injustice – the



Like father, like son.
Patrick McCowhan tells
Billy Zane he's number one...



Treat Williams as the villainous Xander Drax



Catherine Zeta-Jones as Sula



Kristy Swanson as Sula with The Phantom

ing of passage from artist to actor through the years has created the myth that the Phantom is of immortal being some four centuries old.

SPOOK SHOW

The current Phantom (Billy Zane) has none of the Science-Fiction trappings of **Superman**, or the high-tech of **Batman**. (He has instead a jungle hideout called The Skull Cave, a grey wolf called Devil and a white stallion called Hero.) To play the part, Zane found himself suspended from a rope bridge, diving into deep water from a pontoon, and any number of other hair-raising stunts, in the tradition of the cliff-hanging movie serial. To ensure the finished result looked as convincing as possible, a stuntman was employed only when *absolutely* necessary.

The Phantom was made in studio in Australia, with location shooting in the Thai district of Krabi, which is famous for its beautiful scenery and several uninhabited islands. The film promises to mix thirties gangster action with a taste of the supernatural, with action and adventure in a tropical paradise. All this and Billy Zane in lycra. What more can you ask for?



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The Last Grains of SANDMAN

A Shivers interview by Graham Miller

Writer Neil Gaiman has come to prominence with his dark fantasy *Neverwhere*, but it is as the creator of DC comics' epic *The Sandman* that he is most famous...

NEIL GAIMAN is probably the finest writer working in comics today. He has just finished a ten year stint of writing *The Sandman* - the tale of Morpheus the Endless, neither man nor God, the immensely powerful Controller of Dreams.

Shivers began by asking Neil why he wanted to be a writer.

"I always wanted to be a writer. For years I was a writer who didn't write anything. But I had to learn to write, which came from journalism. I was not a very good journalist. The hardest thing you have to do is take a six thousand-word interview and turn it into a two-and-a-half-thousand word article! I learned an awful lot about speech mannerisms, about giving people the impression of what was said while not using the same words because people don't speak in whole sentences. Clive Barker is the only exception that I know. We begin sentences and then we interrupt ourselves halfway through and then correct ourselves. Then we footnote, and then go back and finish what we

started. Clive constructs his speech so well that you even get semi-colons!

"When I think about school, now, I don't think of lessons, I think of all the time I spent reading books under desks. My imagination was definitely book and comic-influenced, although there's telly and bits of films in there too. I read everything - all the comics in the newsagents - even the back of the Cornflake packet. In the Summer holidays, I'd go to the local library and I'd read my way through it. I finished the children's library and started on the adult library, beginning with the A's."

So why did you choose comics as your medium?

"Why not comics? I've had a ten year career in comics. It seemed like a creative place to work where nothing very interesting had happened. I've never understood why comics are considered a bastard medium. It's basically because of cultural prejudice - there is no rationale for it. But it's a prejudice that says words are fine, words are respectable and pictures are fine, pictures hang in art galleries. But when you put the two together you are somehow suddenly doing something for children which is sub-literate. It's silly. I have found working in comics rather liberating. It's nice doing stuff where people aren't watching. There is a horribly honest level where it's nice doing stuff where the expectations are low. Before Alan Moore, nobody expected comics to be well written. But I've had an audience. *Sandman* was seventy five issues plus two specials. You're looking

at a story that is over two thousand pages long. I have a leadership which is larger. I think, than I would have had through literature. I could have been a minor literary cult."

How did you meet Dave McKean, who has drawn the covers for most of your work?

"We were both working for a comic that never happened and Paul Greve, who used to run *Escape*, came to do an article on *Borderline*, liked what Dave was drawing and liked what I was writing and asked if we'd do something together. That's how we found each other."

The plot of *The Sandman* often followed a circuitous route. Was the whole story thought out in advance?

"I knew an awful lot of *The Sandman* when I set out. But it's a lot like: I'm in London and I'm going to drive to Glasgow and I think I'll stop off overnight in Newcastle and I'll go up this road. So there's a level at which you know where you're going, you know the shape of it; you don't necessarily know *how long* it's going to take you to get there, you don't know all the things that are going to happen to you on the way but because you know the road you can go 'Ooh, that was an interesting thing I just did - I think I'll do that again.' If you go back and re-read *Prelude to Nocturnes*, the very first book, you'll see how much of the stuff that occurs later is set up and prefigured in that. But I didn't know everything that was going to happen, and I thought it was all going to be over by issue forty. I knew the character of Death was a superstar from the point she popped up in my head!"

Do you have to curb your writing if the artist has other ideas?

"They follow my text but with some-



Miller *Sandman* - the creator, Neil Gaiman

thing like *Death*, with both Mark Buckingham and Chris Bachalo, who did the first one and a half *Deaths*, I give those guys a much looser script than I did with *The Sandman*. Part of the joy is giving it to them and seeing what they give back. I'll give him a page which says: it's getting darker, weird shit is happening in the background, and then give them all the dialogue. I get something wonderful back."

"Most of *The Sandman* storylines to that point had been intricately structured things with weird little puzzles and glimpses of the big picture which would come into focus nearer the end. But with *The Kindly Ones* I wanted to do something that was more primal and basic, the literary equivalent of driving a sixteen-wheel truck over a cliff and blowing it up.



The background characters in your work seem more real than in other comics. Is this a conscious decision?

"I feel that they must be well drawn to be worth including. But I'm very fond of the people in my stories. I like spending time with them. I was talking recently with a friend of mine about a major book by a major author – I won't say who because that's not nice – and I said that I stopped reading it half way through. There came a point where I realised if I met any of these characters at a party, I would make my excuses and head for the kitchen in the hope of finding someone interesting to talk to."

Was it important to end *The Sandman* series on a high note?

"Yes. Otherwise I would not have enjoyed it. When I began, I promised myself I would end it when I finished the story, or when I got sick of it, or if DC told me I couldn't do the next thing I

wanted to do. DC never stopped me doing anything. And I pushed them quite far from the beginning. That's one reason why I did the 'Diner' story with the murders, and the 'Death' story in which nothing happens, but Sandman walks around New York and cheers up a bit. Having gone from those two extremes I then had a clear run. It never got to the point where I got up in the morning and went, 'Oh fuck, I've got to write *The Sandman*.'

Do you think you've changed the way people look at comics?

"I don't think I have. I wish I had. Right now, I think that I've had all the wrong effects on comics in many ways; many comics arising in its wake have got the wrong vibes and missed the point, thinking that you just have to be weird to be good. What I want and what I hope, if I have any kind of legacy, it'll be in the same way that Alan Moore essentially spawned me. I got a phone call the other day from a Shakespeare professor at a university asking whether I knew of this whole Shakespearean sub-culture amongst the kids who were turning up at his college who seemed to be purely based about having discovered Shakespeare with *The Midsummer Night's Dream* issue of *The Sandman* and going onto *The Tempest*, and how he was going to be using it as a teaching tool! If comics can survive the current depression, you might get a world where you get comics for everybody. I think there should be comics for people who read *Lord of the Rings* and for those who read *Woman's Weekly*.

Finally, as a father, has having children changed the way you write?

"I think I find it a lot harder now to be cruel to children in fiction. But I think that's a parent thing rather than a specific kids thing. Jim Herbert once told me that he'd re-read *The Rats* ten years later and he'd do it all the same except that he couldn't kill the baby again, where the rats come out the toilet and kill the baby. He just couldn't do it. And I know how he feels. There was a piece I wrote, when my kids were still quite young, called *Baby Cakes*, the idea of which was that if all the animals went away we'd use babies for all the things we use animals for, because babies can't talk and aren't rational. 'So there were people eating baby flesh and there was baby leather – dropping medications in baby's eyes etc. I don't think I could write that now...'

Special thanks to Titan Books, publishers of *The Sandman* compilations, for arranging this interview. Photo by Julian Knott

You have called me. And I have come.



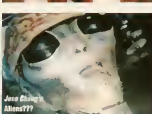
Merchandise, the *Bronze King* also known as the Sandman

SHIVERS 33

MITCH PILEGGI

Concluding our star interview from last issue

MITCH PILEGGI makes no secret of his affection for his co-stars in *The X-Files*, so he was particularly delighted to see the Screen Actors' Guild award for Best Actress in a Dramatic Series go to Gillian Anderson. Mitch himself snatched a moment of SAG glory, as the scene chosen to represent Anderson's performance also featured him. It was the moment where Scully reacts to Skinner's telling her that the enquiry into her sister's shooting was being closed due to orders from above. "I thought it was a really good scene for her," Mitch says generously, "and I know when we shot that scene I was just like going, 'Wow! This little girl is just like dynamite!'" Anderson was totally flummoxed by her win, and completely fluffed her acceptance speech, thanking, amongst others, Glen Morgan and James Wong... before vocally reminding herself that they had now left the show! Mitch remembers that moment with much affection. "When she won, she was just precious!" he says fondly. "That's really one of the most original and honest acceptance moments I've ever heard!" (continued on page 36)



Our X-Files reviews reach the closing episodes of Season Three

JOSE CHUNG'S 'FROM OUTER SPACE'

FROM *Outer Space* is the name of a book; Jose Chung is the middle-aged author who is investigating the fact or fiction behind inconsistent accounts of a single supposed alien abduction. His enquiries lead to a meeting with 'brainy beauty' Dana Scully from whom, in Mulder's absence, he hears the peculiar details of their latest X File. "So you're here to get my version of the truth?" Scully asks wryly. This rhetorical

statement underlines the basis of the episode: Ignoring the fact that the FBI would probably never divulge case details to journalists, writer Darin Morgan again leads the audience a merry dance through this absurdly improbable and highly diverting scrutiny of the nature of truth. Like Morgan's script for *Humbug*, Jose Chung... considers human perception but, more especially, the subjectivity of reality. In this case, the truth, about the abduction of two innocent teenagers by either men or martians, is more elusive than ever, inevitably coloured by the point of view of whoever is recollecting it. Morgan's intent is telegraphed by the opening shot which we believe to be a huge space-craft passing overhead in *Star Wars* fashion but which is, in reality, merely the close-up underside of a phone-pole inspection crane (The ensuing teaser,



THE X-FILES

Shivers' reviews of Season Three by Michael Fillis

complete with '50s B movie teen dialogue and cod stop-motion monster is delightfully disarming). Thereafter nothing is quite as it seems as writer and director Rob Bowman conspire to turn the heart of the series' mythology on its head. Not that Morgan makes a joke of the grand story arc; amidst the anarchic good humour is a genuine conspiracy theory, about implanted abduction experiences interrupted by a genuine close encounter, the equal of any unopened file. And Morgan isn't afraid to give us enough pieces of the puzzle to clarify the picture; without a doubt this story adds to our knowledge of the dark government agenda, recalling episodes as early as **Deep Throat**. And any doubts Scully has about the duplicity of certain government agencies are dispelled by the end.

Stripped of Morgan's perspective **Jose Chung**, would probably be filed alongside **Fallen Angel** and **Red Museum**. But Morgan's mischievous spin on events has transformed what might have been effective yet formulaic fare into a work of near-genius, as he toys with repetition of both dialogue and scenario. For a series that takes great pains to shroud its non-terrestrials in shadows or smoke, Rob Bowman ensures everything in **Jose Chung**... is plain to see albeit as reconstructions of reported speech, the details of 'Lord Kimboto's' mission from the inner Earth, replete with sub-Shakespearean speech, could not have been conveyed in any other fashion. Remarkably, everything that Morgan and Bowman undertakes works only in the context of this episode and in that it is unique to the series. Amusingly, a geeky social drop-out, burdened with Roswell conspiracy paranoia and attendant **Space Above And Beyond** t-shirt, pokes fun at extreme fandom whilst mistaking Mulder and Scully for two of 'The Men In Black'.

'One of them was disguised as a woman, but wasn't pulling it off. Her hair was a little too red. And the tall lanky one: his face was so blank and expressionless - he didn't even seem human.'

However there is some pathos to complement the hilarity as, case unresolved, Morgan touches an emotional nerve that

finally, and ironically, acknowledges a universal truth about humanity.

A few people might hate this episode - it sails daringly close to the wind in lampooning the conventions of **The X-Files** proper - but most will revel in its cheeky self-mockery whilst admiring the perfection of its narrative and visual structure.

Highlights include Mulder consuming an entire apple pie, a detective who talks in deleted expletives, the spoof alien autopsy scene and Mark Snow's cheap pastiche of his own theme tune. I could go on, but I suppose you'd better see it for yourself... just be prepared to laugh like a drain.

AVATAR

Did you know Assistant Director Walter Skinner was married? No? Well he is. But he's estranged and upset about it. To drown his sorrows he goes to a local bar where he's propositioned by an attractive young woman and before you can shout 'how's your father?' he's in the sack with her. But after a nightmarish vision of a



Jennifer Hetrick
as Sharon Skinner

screeching old woman stop him he awakens to find the girl lying dead beside him. Skinner is prime suspect, more so when he won't co-operate with the police. Concerned for their superior, and against his instructions, Mulder and Scully undertake their own investigation only to discover that the girl was a prostitute whom Skinner, it seems, hired. They confront him with this and he is clearly surprised. When Mulder finally elicits some explanation from his boss, it is revealed that he has been haunted by dreams of an old woman, the first of which began during

3.20 JOSE CHUNG'S

'FROM OUTER SPACE'

Written by Darin Morgan

Directed by Rob Bowman

Cast:

Diana Lusk (Gillian Anderson)

Reynard Muldrake (David Duchovny)

Alex Trebek (Alex Trebek)

Man In Black (Jesse Ventura)

The Stupendous Yappi (Jaap Brouwer)

Jose Chung (Charles Nelson Rayly)

Rocky (William Lucking)

Christie (Sarah Swatsky)

Harold (Jason Gaffney)

Dr Fingers (Alex Diskun)

Detective Manners (Larry Muser)

Blaine Faulkner (Alan Zinky)

CIA Men (Andrew Turner)

Sergeant Hynek (Michael Dobson)

Dr Hand (Mina E Mina)

3.21 AVATAR

Story by David Duchovny

and Howard Gordon

Screenplay by Howard Gordon

Directed by James Charleston

Cast:

Walter Skinner (Mitch Pileggi)

Sharon Skinner (Jennifer Hetrick)

Detective Waltes (Tom Mason)

Smoking Men (William B Davies)

Agent Pendrell (Brendan Beiser)

Carina Sayles (Amanda Tapping)

Agent Bonnocezo (Malcolm Stewart)

Grey Haired Man (Morris Perry)

Senior Agent (Michael David Simms)

Jay Casel (Tisha Simms)

3.22 QUAGMIRE

Written by Kim Newton

Directed by Kim Manners

Cast:

Dr Farnsley (Timothy Webber)

Dr Bailey (Peter Henlon)

Ansel Bryn (R Nelson Brown)

Ted (Mark Acheson)

The Sheriff (Chris Ellis)

Sloner (Tyler Labine)

Chick (Nicole Parker)

his near-death experience in Vietnam. Mulder has been having therapy for what he hopes is a sleeping disorder, but Mulder suggests that the old woman may in fact be real and some form of Succubus, an ancient sexual spirit. Scully finds a strange phosphorescent substance around the mouth and nose of the dead girl which lends credence to Mulder's belief but the agents are soon instructed to cease all enquiries and prepare evidence for a hearing concerning Skinner's conduct and his future with the bureau. The ever paranoid Mulder begins to feel outmanoeuvred; with Skinner out of the way, their powers will be diluted - and the brief glimpse of the Smoking Man leaves the audience in no doubt. Yet, strangely, the haunting elderly apparition might not be as malevolent as she first appears.



MITCH PILEGGI

(Continued
from Page 34)

At the end of 1995, Mitch was invited to host the Sci-Fi channel's 30-minute special on the *Creators of The X-Files*. "That was just one evening," he reveals. "It was done off autocue – thank God, I'd have ended up a basket case if I had to memorise all that!" Mitch presented the programme as himself, which provided an extra challenge. "It's unusual, it's a little uncomfortable being myself on camera. Suddenly I'm not playing a character any more. But I would have felt stupid doing it as Skinner. As a result I got to do the narration for *More Secrets of the X-Files* and that was fun."

And then there was Mitch's job as the narrator on the audiobook version of the *X-Files* novel *Ruins*. Mitch pulls something of a face when the subject comes up. "That was weird because, for one thing I hadn't had an opportunity to familiarise myself with the script; so I had to do it cold. I had no idea what the book was about. It was about nine straight hours of talking. They gave me the option of coming back the next day, but once I got rolling I said, 'Let's go, man, let's just do it.' It was wild, because I had to try and do something with Gillian's rhythms and then David's rhythms; I also had to do accents. At one point there were these Mexicans talking to this German guy, and they said, 'Can you do a German accent?', and I said, 'Sure I can do a German accent, but I can't do a Mexican accent followed by a German accent followed by another Mexican accent!' (He draws breath.) 'I said, 'I just can't do it, I'd just go crazy right here!' So they said to just give it some kind of a European flavour. And then there are a lot of words in it that I didn't know how to pronounce. It was pretty wild, always a case of 'Am I saying this

right?' I'm scared about hearing it – it's probably going to sound really goofy."

The fourth season of *The X-Files* will see a number of changes behind-the-scenes. Chris Carter will be spending half his time on new series *Millennium*. It was during the filming of *Avatar* that Carter was overseeing the *Millennium* pilot, but Mitch says that if Carter was devoting less time to *The X-Files* it wasn't noticeable. The actor is adamant that the quality of *The X-Files* won't suffer as a result of Carter's time being divided. "The guy is just like awesome," Pileggi says. "I mean, it's funny, I was talking to Lance Henriksen at a party in LA, and I was talking about Chris and I'd had a few beers so I was a little bit shit-faced, and I was going, 'The man is *this*' and 'The man is *that*' and then I stopped and listened to myself and I thought, 'My God! I sound like Dennis Hopper in *Apocalypse Now* talking about Colonel Kurtz! The man,' Mitch reiterates, 'is just awesome.'"

In fact, Mitch has a lot of respect for a number of figures behind-the-scenes on *The X-Files*. "The courtroom scene in *Avatar* was really lit well," he enthuses, "but then that's John Bartley, the guy is awesome, and unfortunately we're losing him. We're going to miss him a lot."

While Mitch is still working on *The X-Files*, viewers are not likely to see him on much else. "I have to keep myself available, because if they write Skinner into the show I have to be ready to go! During the hiatus... I had the option of coming over here [the UK], or trying to get something for the summer. I decided I wanted to come over here. I just love doing anything associated with this show."

Interview by Nigel Adams

This is the episode that David Duchovny suggested for Mitch Pileggi's character, and then very nearly kept for himself! *Avatar* gives Mitch Pileggi the chance to demonstrate his talents, the producers could do worse than team him with Gillian Anderson in future episodes whilst Duchovny has the break he wants. The story itself seems more significant than it really is, revolving around a main



Who... or what is
haunting Skinner
in *Avatar*?

character rather than a guest: this time Mulder and Scully go out on a limb for "Skinner, and not just for the sake of the *X-Files*. The clues to the mystery are there but Howard Gordon's teleplay doesn't spell them out. As a viewer you have to make an assumption at the end and once you do, the whole episode makes complete sense. Nicely played and directed the old woman in the red raincoat recalls the apparition in Nicholas Roeg's *Don't Look Now*

QUAGMIRE

I'll try to be brief. This episode is *The X-Files*' version of the Loch Ness Monster myth. It takes place round a huge, dank lake, much of it at night and in the mud. Beneath grey, pregnant skies many people die in *Jaws*-like circumstances. Like me, you may guess what it's all about before the end and like me you too may be surprised that this episode isn't rated very highly. Frankly, it's hilarious (in it's own sombre way) with a nice line in dry wit and a fabulous fourth act debate between Scully and Mulder about the point of the *X-Files*, a scene to be cherished. Although credited to Kim Newton I detect the heavy hand of script-editor Darin Morgan in this script and not just because the two surviving drug-taking teenagers from *War of the Coprophages* are back or that the pooch problem is resolved (the dog is called Queequeg, if you're interested). Morgan wrote *Quagmire*, I hear you scott? Yeah, and Spielberg didn't direct *Polytechnic*!

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CHRIS CARTER

The X-Files creator reveals his plans for season four

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truth or fiction?

UFOs, conspiracies and the history of America according to

DARK SKIES

THE SIMPSONS HALLOWEEN SPECIALS

A *Shivers* feature by Michael Fillis

This popular animated series from Fox TV, soon to air on the BBC, offers up an annual Hallowe'en festival of the bizarre

THE SIMPSONS are going to be huge in Britain. The satirical, animated American sitcom has been on satellite television for years but with little more than a million viewers. Soon to be networked on BBC television, though, its popularity will undoubtedly rocket, and will be followed by an inevitable merchandise explosion. This will not surprise those who have watched this unique half-hour series (about to enter its eighth season – there are now over 150 episodes) which shows the American family unit in a more honest if, at times, bizarre light.

WACKY ANTICS

Besides the wacky weekly antics of parents Homer and Marge and their kids, Bart and Lisa (younger sister, Maggie, stuck in a perpetual state of babyhood rarely contributes), one of the main appeals of

the subversive series is its propensity to plunder the movie and television (occasionally literary) genres, tapping into to the public consciousness. This is well illustrated by the Hallowe'en episodes, the Simpson's annual outings to terror.

HALLOWE'EN

This October sees the broadcast of the seventh Hallowe'en special, continuing a tradition which began in 1990 with *Treehouse Of Horror*, in which Bart and Lisa, sitting in their treehouse at night, attempt to scare themselves silly with tales of ghouls and gore. Their first tale, *Bad Dream House* shamelessly pastiches *Poltergeist* as the Simpsons move into a bloody-walled, *Psycho*-like abode built above the obligatory Indian burial ground with attendant gateway to 'the other side' (a ball of paper thrown into the glowing vortex is hurled back with the irritable inscription: 'quit throwing your garbage into our dimension!'). The possessed house uses all its tricks to scare the family away but Marge, the mediator, calls for co-existence. The house self-destructs rather than live with the Simpsons. 'You can't help but feel a little rejected' sighs Lisa – ever the philosopher of the family.



Picture from Fox TV's *The Simpsons*

The Simpsons are then abducted by tentacular, monocular aliens in *Hungry Are The Damned* (Homer: 'You speak English!'). Alien: 'Actually, I'm speaking Rigidian, but by a strange coincidence our two languages are exactly the same...'). They invite the family to a 'great feast' on Rige 4 but the discovery of a dusty cookery book, 'How To Cook Humans' casts some doubt on their veracity. The voice of 'Serok, the Preparer' is performed by James Earl Jones who later narrates Edgar Allen Poe's poem, *The Raven*, a remarkably faithful rendition with a Bart-like bird haunting Homer.

Three more tales followed in '91, starting with *The Monkey's Paw* in which Homer's three wishes lead to the invasion of Earth by the Rigidians, who arrive complete with clichéd Flitties B-movie monster-speak ('We come to you in the spirit of hostility and menace!').

IT'S A GOOD LIFE

Bart The Monster is the Simpson's spin on the classic *Twilight Zone* episode *It's a Good Life* with the Springfield townfolk forced to think happy thoughts lest they incur Bart's displeasure (in a nod to the '78 *Body Snatchers* movie an old lady is turned into a dog with human head). Homer's Brain is a modern-day Frankenstein with Homer's evil boss, Mr Burns as the Baron. *Treehouse Of Horror III* (the setting is now a Hallowe'en party) includes a killer Krusty, The Clown doll whose switch has been knocked onto 'evil' instead of 'good' by accident. The monochromatic King Homer is the King Kong clone with Marge as Fay Wray. Lazy Homer can only scale two floors of the Empire State



Building... *Dial Z For Zombies* is a homage to every zombie film you can remember (and probably a few you can't!).

The fourth Halloween special, one of the best, is a *Night Gallery* parody. Bart introduces *The Devil and Homer Simpson* - Homer sells his soul for a doughnut - *Terror at Five and a Half Feet*, in which the school bus is terrorised by a gremlin on the wheel (taking *The Twilight Zone's Nightmare at 20,000 Feet* as its cue) and the cheeky, Bart Simpson's *Dracula*, in which Mr Burns plays the be-wigged master vampire with sentient shadow (the impossibly rapid shadow, briefly, fiddles with a cat's cradle and a yo-yo).

INTO A NEW DIMENSION

The *Outer Limits* framework of the fifth special is home to spoofs of *The Shining*, 1984 and *Nightmare Cafe* and the sixth pays homage to *Attack of the 50 Foot Woman* and the *Nightmare On Elm Street* series. It is the last segment, *Homer 3*, which really breaks new ground as Homer slips from his 2-D cartoon reality into a *Tron*-like third dimension. These scenes were realised with computer graphics and the final shots of the rotund Homer Simpson walking down a real street are splendid. Full marks for originality.

The *Simpson's Halloween Specials* revel in their visual and musical references - this is true of the episodes in general with their tightly scripted tales, underlying truths and quick-fire dialogue. Any real Horror in the Halloween episodes is diluted with humour and the lack of that 'third dimension' - although *Treehouse of Horror V* comes close to being malicious.

For genuinely repulsive Horror, however, you need look no further than *The Simpson's* violent take on the *Tom and Jerry* cartoons, 'Itchy and Scratchy', in which the Cat and Mouse team repeatedly - and graphically - disembowel and decapitate each other in a variety of hilarious ways! Truly terrifying!



Left, top: Homer as Jack Nicholson in *The Shining*

Left: The Rigidians sit down to dine in *Hungry* are the Damned, *Night Gallery* Spoof, and *King Homer*

Right, across: Two views at the gremlin from *Nightmare at Five-and-a-half Feet*, Mr Burns and Bart undead in *Bart Simpson's Dracula*, *Killer Klown*, *Homer's Brain*, *Dial Z for Zombies*, *Bart the Monster*, *Attack of the Fifty-Foot Eyesores*, *The Mosky's Paw*, and two scenes from *Homer3*



SHIVERS

HORROR AWARDS

FILM TOP TWENTY FIVE

10-1

10: THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

(Tobe Hooper 1974, USA)

Hot, unnerving, ghastly. This sums up Tobe Hooper's remarkable tale of down-



home insanity, violence, and cannibalism. Few pictures in the history of Horror have built to the first moment of shock with comparable unease; from the opening frame, you're convinced something absolutely horrific is going to happen, but you don't know what and you can't say when. Neither as gory nor as serious as people remember; the film's jaundiced humour makes you laugh in spite of yourself. *DJH*

This based-on-fact shocker has had a long battle with the British Board of Film Censors. That the Board refused it a national certificate is understandable that

the Greater London Council has granted it an 'X' for London is less so... I believe that about thirty seconds have been excised from the current version (by the distributors themselves, not the GLC). Would that they had cut more, for the overall effect of the film is simply nauseating. *Films Illustrated*

9: WITCHFINDER GENERAL

(Michael Reeves 1967, UK)



Dead within 18 months of filming, the 24-year old Reeves here delivered a view of the human condition unrelieved in its bleakness. Price's Matthew Hopkins - monolithic, implacable, frighteningly inscrutable - is his greatest genre performance; a distillation of evil which, sad to say, is recognisably human. The juvenile leads, Ian Ogilvy and Hilary Dwyer, are also terrific. Filmed like a Western on beautiful Suffolk locations (behind the camera: Johnny Coquillon), the film presents violence as a communicable disease which engulfs everyone, young and old, good and evil alike. Paul Ferris's beautiful score adds a further layer of incongruity to the film's brutal proceedings. Like *Night of the Living Dead* (and shot at much the same time), it breaks the

unwritten rule of Horror films, it succeeds in being genuinely horrifying. *JR*

'Witchfinder General... is the most persistently sadistic and morally rotten film I have seen. It was a degrading experience by which I mean it made me feel dirty' *The Listener*

8: NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

(George A Romero 1967, USA)

Regarded dispassionately from the perspective of nearly thirty years of imitations, George Romero's zombie epic may seem to have lost its power to shock and disturb. But when you sit down to watch it again, you buy in to the essentially implausible premise completely, and are pulled into the desperate situation faced by the trapped protagonists. Not just a seminal Horror film, but a seminal film, period. *DJH*

'A genuinely scary little Horror picture for adults... [which] wrings maximum effects from an absolute minimum of means. Virtually the whole film takes



place in a Western Pennsylvania farmhouse in which a group of people have sought refuge from the rapidly-multiplying legions of the 'living dead'... Romero keeps things constantly happening and directs with limitless energy. Indeed, countless far more ambitious movies could benefit from such drive and vitality. Although too gruesome for the kiddies, *Night of the Living Dead* is taut and uncompromising, ending on a note of bitter irony... *Los Angeles Times*

7: LES YEUX SANS VISAGE

[Eyes Without a Face]

(Georges Franju 1959, France/Italy)

A disfigured Cinderella drifts through a darkened basement attended by fluttering doves; a mad surgeon, savage dogs lurking in the next room, indulges in face-peeling operations scrutinised in almost



documentary detail. Alida Valli, later to resurface in *Suspiria* (number 30), scours the boulevards for her master's subjects, while Edith Scob gives a delicate edge of wilting despair to her realisation that daddy will never successfully rebuild her ruined face. Aided by Maurice Jarre's quirky score and Eugen Shuftan's limpid photography, Franju (co-founder of the *Cinematheque Francaise*) weds pulp Horror to art-house surrealism and produces a uniquely unsettling picture. *JR*

When a director as distinguished as Georges Franju makes a Horror film as fundamentally trite as *Les Yeux Sans Visage*, one cannot but feel tempted to search for symbols, an allegory, layers of interpretation. Unhappily, there is practically nothing in this inept work to offer any encouragement for doing so...

Monthly Film Bulletin

6: NIGHT OF THE DEMON (Jacques Tourneur 1956, UK)

The best Val Lewton thriller Lewton never made. Unfailingly intelligent, its



horror builds, element by element, until for the foolish fellow who set the horrific events in motion, nothing is possible ex-

cept annihilation. Tense direction by onetime Lewton collaborator Jacques Tourneur, and wonderfully gloomy monochrome cinematography by Ted Scaife. *DJH*

Tourneur wrings maximum audience apprehension from his trademark use of shadows; even the maddeningly sceptical Dr Holden is forced to admit that "it's easy to see a demon in every dark corner". And when the fire-breathing demon does appear, it lends the film a sizeable charge of dramatic irony, for we know just how absurdly misplaced Holden's confidence is. *JR*

"In a day when most Horror pix are grasping [their] creatures from outer space, this Columbia release, made in England, has the unique bonus of conjuring a mythical, chimera-like creature from the past..." *Variety*

5: THE WICKER MAN (Robin Hardy 1972, UK)

"The whole thing was about apples," remarked composer Paul Giovanni. "There's nothing more innocent than an



apple." Apples aside, *The Wicker Man*'s trump card lies in Anthony Shaffer's devilishly inventive script. The notion of an ancient belief system surviving on an off-shore Scottish island is worked out with dazzling wit and precision, and played to the hilt by Edward Woodward's tight-arsed 'Christian copper' and Christopher Lee's golden-haired, affably smiling Lord Summerisle. Though the 'normal' character is made to seem a prig and an idiot by comparison with the level-headed pagan islanders, his anguished cries of "Think what you're doing!" in the apocalyptic climax are still blazingly effective. Lovely tunes from Giovanni, great lines from Shaffer, unforgettable images from Hardy. *JR*

'A thinking person's Horror story that could become an in-movie for all who are interested in the old customs and can accept the logic of the horrifying end.'

Cinema Today



4: HALLOWEEN (John Carpenter 1978, USA)

John Carpenter's best Horror film scares even in broad daylight, as the killer 'Michael' pops up in long shots behind Jamie Lee Curtis only to disappear again with unnerving quickness. The real fun, however, begins at night-fall. Carpenter stages the murders so skillfully that we become the victims. One shot of Curtis, believing for the second time that she has killed Michael (she keeps dropping that damn butcher knife next to his body) is classic. Looking relieved, if somewhat rattled, Curtis turns her back on the corpse, which suddenly bolts upright. Oh God! And the anxiety increases exponentially each time psychiatrist Donald Pleasence comments, in a quiet, desperate voice, something like "No man did that" or "The evil is loose." *MM*

"Without divulging who gets it, each murder is precipitated by either the intention or deed of illicit sex. This is steamy stuff for the voyeurs among us but really too kinky for comfort."

Films in Review

3: THE EXORCIST (William Friedkin 1973, USA)

Startling, sickening, foetid, fascinating, *The Exorcist* swept all before it, and the genre would never be the same. Had Horror ever been so affecting, so blasphemous, before? Director Friedkin uses technical trickery, but there is consummate skill as he marshals his strong cast - and especially Linda Blair as the possessed girl - for the battle between good and evil. Max Von Sydow and Jason Miller are the priests who face the vomiting, shrieking abomination that dwells behind the eyes of an innocent child. *DM*



The whole country has gone Exorcist-crazy, and although I find the film brutally manipulative and disgusting, it is too important a phenomenon to dismiss lightly... It is the product of a society that has reached some kind of dead end.'

Film Comment

2: FRANKENSTEIN (James Whale 1931, USA)

'How do you do... Mr Carl Laemmle feels that it would be a little unkind to present this picture without just a word of friendly warning...' Edward Van Sloan's politely eerie introduction immediately sets the tone of naughtiness. This is James Whale's greatest parlour-game - the chills are played out with a gleeful relish. The settings are familiar, but enchanting, the actors mannered but richly extravagant. Boris Karloff gives the performance of his life as the sleepy-eyed, hollow-cheeked creature who reaches for the light and



finds that even his creator despises him. Born of lightning, Karloff's beautiful, subtle monster found electric immortality. DM 'James Whale... has wrought a stirring grand-guignol type of picture, one that aroused so much excitement at the Mayfair yesterday that many in the audience laughed to cover their true feelings... Beside it Dracula is tame'

New York Times

1: DRACULA (Terence Fisher 1957, UK)

'The macabre exercises of Baron Frankenstein compare as palely with Count Dracula as Little Bo-Peep does with Macbeth... Dracula sounds the warning bell. One step farther - and the licence permitted by the censors' 'X' certificate will be dangerously abused.'

Daily Sketch

Coming from the same milieu (showbiz London) as Bram Stoker sixty years before, Hammer were perfectly placed to deliver far and away the greatest Dracula film of all. Several moments remain shatteringly hair-raising, most notably Dracula's explosive appearance in the library and his climactic duel with Van Helsing. Lustrous settings (Bernard Robinson), gorgeous Eastman colour (Jack Asher), a terrific female lead (Melissa Stribling), Terence Fisher's super-charged choreography of the action scenes, a pulverising James Bernard score, Jimmy Sangster's lean and muscular script... And best of all, Peter Cushing's gimlet-eyed fanaticism as Van Helsing and Christopher Lee's blood-bolted sex appeal as Dracula. Never was evil made more seductive, or more terrifying...

JR



THE SHIVERS HORROR TOP FIFTY IN PERSPECTIVE

Looked at chronologically, the *Shivers* Top 50 provides a thumbnail sketch of the history of horror. (Or an idiot's guide, if you prefer.) We start in post-war Germany with two silent classics, *Calligari* and *Noferatu*, and proceed to *The Phantom of the Opera* in the USA, an early high-point in a genre that, at this point, has yet to be given a name. We return to Germany for Fritz Lang's first sound film, *M*, which brings us to our first *annus horribilis*, 1931, and James Whale's legendary *Frankenstein*. With this film, the genre finds its name (horror) and the German influence lives on. But our selection of 30s classics, all of them unexpectedly grotesque and/or sadistic, grinds to a halt the following year.

OMISSION

This brings us to what is undoubtedly the single most conspicuous omission from the list: James Whale's *The Bride of Frankenstein* (1935). This was left out on the grounds that, with its overwhelming abundance of Whale's impish humour, it certainly qualifies as a great film but not perhaps a great *horror* film. (Witness, for instance, its enthronement by critics who wouldn't otherwise touch horror movies with a barge-pole.) The original *Frankenstein*, though often considered inferior, is most definitely a chameleonic horror show of the most uncompromising kind; and, as for Whale's grotesque humour, that's more than adequately covered by *The Old Dark House*.

The 1940s yield only one film: *Cat People*, the high-water mark of the shadowy, elliptical thrillers produced by Val Lewton at RKO. Though Universal's continuing series, and its lumpy star Lon Chaney Jr., still have plenty of American adherents, this is actually an art decade for screen chills. Post-World War II, there is a ten-year interregnum devoted to Cold War paranoia and atom age monsters. From this period we've selected *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*, the last of Universal's classic monsters. The 1950s also bring two legendary French thrillers, the icy *Les Diaboliques* and the lyrical *Les Yeux Sans Visage*, plus *The Quatermass Experiment*, a modern-dress curtain-raiser to the Hammer Horrors which are to revolutionise the genre in 1957.

RENAISSANCE

Britain's Gothic Renaissance, spearheaded by Terence Fisher's magisterial *Dracula*, subsequently takes root in Italy (see directors Mario Bava and Riccardo Freda are both represented) and America (though Roger Corman's most glamorous Poe adaptation, *The Masque of the Red Death*, is actually filmed in Britain). Alfred Hitchcock, meanwhile, unleashes *Psy-*

cho, the shock waves from which reverberate to this day. And the list reaches its half-way point, appropriately enough, at our second *annus horribilis*, 1957. This year yields two films on the soon-to-be-fashionable theme of demonic possession, and two more - *Witchfinder General* and *Night of the Living Dead* - which break the mould completely, not only by their brutality but also by their corrosive cynicism. (Which translates as 'nihilistic despair' in certain critical estimates.) As the Golden Age of British Horror breathes its last with *The Wicker Man*, the initiative then passes back, in the most dramatic way possible, to America.

The Exorcist (big budget cause celebre) and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (low budget success de scandale) see the genre, for better or worse, finally growing into that word 'horror'. Pausing to represent the Italian giallo tradition (plus supernatural trimmings) with Argento's *Suspense*, we move on to John Carpenter's *Halloween*. Though expertly crafted and relatively reticent, this film inadvertently ushers in the genre's most despicable phase: the stalk/slash era. Moving swiftly on, we reach the gross-out special effects bonanzas of the 80s (Carpenter's *The Thing* being a standout here), and the quirky products of misanthropic talents like Cronenberg, Craven, Raimi and Clive Barker. With a last-minute nod to the long-standing tradition of Mexican horror (Cronos), the list concludes with David Fincher's dark and disaffected *Se7en*.

ON THE MARGINS

Just as silent films have been regrettably marginalised, so non-English speaking pictures are a bit thin on the ground. The 1965 publication of Phil Hardy's illuminating *Aurum Film Encyclopedia* opened the eyes of insular Horror fans to the vast, uncharted waters of Horror film production outside the UK and US. Much of this output, unfortunately, remains unavailable in this country. The Euro sex-Horror tradition is something of an acquired taste, anyway, but gore-hound fans of the late Lucio Fulci will no doubt feel the list is missing something.

As for the top two movies - Whale's *Frankenstein* at no 2 and Fisher's *Dracula* at no 1 - they neatly encapsulate the long-standing Universal/Hammer opposition which, incredibly, some sad American fans still engage in heated debate about. Why waste time arguing the merits of forms which are entirely dissimilar? The heretical notion that Hammer merely produced remakes of the Universal originals was disproved long ago. They produced radical reworks, and, what's more, they did it from a British perspective. And since *Shivers* is a British magazine, it was decided that *Dracula* had the edge.

Jonathan Rigby

SHIVERS TOP 50 IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

Das Kabinett des Dr. Calligari
(*The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*)
(Robert Wiene 1918, Germany)
Noferatu (F.W. Murnau 1921, Germany)
The Phantom of the Opera
(Rupert Julian 1925, USA)
M (Fritz Lang 1931, Germany)
Frankenstein (James Whale 1931, USA)
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
(Rouben Mamoulian 1931, USA)
Freaks (Tod Browling 1931, USA)
The Old Dark House
(James Whale 1932, USA)
Island of Lost Souls
(Eric C. Stanton 1932, USA)
Cat People (Jacques Tourneur 1942, USA)
The Creature from the Black Lagoon (Jack Arnold 1953, USA)
Les Diaboliques (*The Frenchie*)
(Henri-Georges Clouzot 1954, France)
The Quatermass Experiment
(Val Guest 1954, UK)
Night of the Demon
(Jacques Tourneur 1956, UK)
Dracula (Terence Fisher 1957, UK)
The Mummy (Terence Fisher 1959, UK)
Les Yeux Sans Visage
(Eyes Without a Face)
(Georges Franju 1959, UK)
Peeping Tom (Michael Powell 1960, UK)
Psycho (Alfred Hitchcock 1960, USA)
La Maschera del Demone
(*Mask of Satan/Black Sunday*)
(Mario Bava 1960, Italy)
L'Orribile Segreto del Dottor Hicchock (*The Horrible Dr. Hicchock*)
(Riccardo Freda 1962, Italy)
The Hunting (Robert Wise 1962, UK)
The Masque of the Red Death
(Roger Corman 1963, UK)
Kwaidan (Masaki Kobayashi 1964, Japan)
Repulsion (Roman Polanski 1964, UK)
Night of the Living Dead
(George A. Romero 1967, USA)
Rosemary's Baby
(Roman Polanski 1967, USA)
The Devil Rides Out
(Terence Fisher 1967, UK)
Witchfinder General
(Michael Reeves 1967, UK)
Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed
(Terence Fisher 1968, UK)
Le Rouge aux Levres
(*Daughters of Darkness*)
(Harry Kuman 1970, Belgium/France/West Germany/Italy)
Theatre of Blood
(Douglas Hickox 1972, UK)
The Wicker Man (Robin Hardy 1972, UK)
The Exorcist (William Friedkin 1973, USA)
The Texas Chainsaw Massacre
(Tobe Hooper 1974, USA)
Jaws (Steven Spielberg 1975, USA)
Carrie (Brian De Palma 1976, USA)
Suspense (Dario Argento 1976, Italy)
Halloween (John Carpenter 1978, USA)
Alien (Ridley Scott 1978, UK)
An American Werewolf in London
(John Landis 1981, UK)
The Thing (John Carpenter 1982, USA)
Videodrome (David Cronenberg 1982, Canada)
The Evil Dead (Sam Raimi 1982, USA)
A Nightmare on Elm Street
(Wes Craven 1984, USA)
The Fly (David Cronenberg 1986, USA)
Hellraiser (Clive Barker 1987, UK)
Jacob's Ladder (Johan Lynn 1990, USA)
Cronos (Guillermo del Toro 1992, Mexico)
Se7en (David Fincher 1995, USA)

The CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF

A Shivers feature by Alan Barnes Part Two

Concluding our look at this Hammer classic

"The film was never properly seen by anybody. For some extraordinary reason, in those days, when the censor said, 'Take that out', we were naive enough to take it out and throw it away."

Executive Producer Michael Carreras

THE Curse of the Werewolf went before the Bray cameras on Monday 12th September 1960 and wrapped on Wednesday 2nd November. Its young star soon made an impression upon the rest of the cast and crew, including Hammer stalwart Michael Ripper as the gaol-bound Old Soak who comes to a gruesome end at the hands of

the wolfman. "It was easy because of Ollie," he recalls. "When he was changing into the wolf in that cell scene, he was tremendous! Oh, by golly, the whole studio shook!" At one point, one of Reed's contact lenses caused an eye to become inflamed. A doctor was called in, and was shocked to be shown his patient – Reed in full werewolf make-up.

Interviewed some four years later, director Fisher remembered the off-hand genesis of one of the Marques Sinestro's less savoury characteristics. "The way he kept picking his scabs... originated quite by chance. Between takes Anthony Dawson was sitting about, picking at his make-up, and looking at it... I noticed him doing that, and said to him, 'That's what you must do, it looks brilliant!' He did it and it really looked very effective, totally in character! I love, and believe in, these

last minute discoveries!" Ironically, this ad-libbed shot would prove to be one of the film's numerous problematic scenes when the completed picture was submitted to the BBFC...

BBFC: ROUND 1

Towards the end of November 1960, the British Board of Film Censors viewed a complete (bar sound dubs and music) black and white print of *The Curse of the Werewolf*. They didn't like what they saw, and detailed a long list of expected cuts. These included: the shot of the Marques Sinestro's flaking nose and his line, "You come here tonight and show me"; the rape of the servant girl in the dungeon, and the whole of the subsequent scene in which the Marques awaits her, struggles with her and is stabbed; the dialogue about children born on Christmas Day; the baptism scene; the boy Leon's hairy palms; most of the scene in the prostitute's bedroom, including 'shots of her dead face and mangled neck'; much of the throttling of Jose; much of the transformation of Leon into a werewolf in the cell, and the complete excising of his murder of the Old Soak; plus the removal of shots of Leon's dead face.

Clearly stunned, Anthony Hinds wrote an impassioned defence of the film to BBFC secretary John Trevelyan on 28th November. "You will appreciate that the Board's long list of exceptions... has come as a terrible shock to me... For the first time, I feel the Board has been very unfair. Many of the cuts asked for were either in the original script and passed by you, or the revisions were talked out in your office so as to make them acceptable to the Board." And whereas Hinds deferred to the Board's judgement regarding the murder of the prostitute ("I agree we took a chance with the shot of the girl with her neck torn, but we were very careful not to suggest that there had been any sexual relations between them"), he remained bullish regarding the stabbing of the Marques.

"You did warn us about the stabbing," concurred Hinds, "but after seeing a recent 'X' film set in contemporary America, in which a young pervert dressed as a woman stabs a naked girl to death in the bath to satisfy some queer lust of his own, I felt that we were reasonably safe, in a story set in Spain two hundred years ago, in showing a normal, healthy girl protecting her honour by stabbing her would-be seducer." (Hinds is clearly referring to Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*, released two months earlier.) "With regard to the shots of the Werewolf's dead face,



A baptism of fire for Leon, and for the film...

Clifford Evans as Alfredo
with Julie Walters as
the young Leon



with the tear trickling from the eye... it was only because I was once told by the psychiatrist, Dr David Stafford-Clarke, that horror-films were only dangerous if there was a complete lack of sympathy for the 'monster', that we put into the picture this shot and the shot of Alfredo looking down at him with compassion."

BBFC: ROUND 2

The Board viewed a modified version of the film, in colour, on 2nd February 1961. Although they were now prepared to waive their objection to the Christmas Day dialogue and the baptism scene (this latter on the grounds that it was 'less offensive in colour than it was in black and white'), the claw marks on Yvonne Romain's décolletage contravened the Board's strictures against blood on breasts ('these were not visible in the black and white version'). And they maintained their stance regarding the shot of the young Leon's hairy hands: "This seems to us most offensive with so young a child." After the removal of the shot of the Marques's raddled face, they now relented and permitted the line, "You come here tonight and show me." The rape in the dungeon, however, would still have to be extensively trimmed.

Worse still, they insisted upon the complete removal of the Marques's murder. Just as tricky was the scene in the prostitute's bedroom. "We do not want the scene to convey the impression that Leon [sic] has had sexual relations with the prostitute before strangling her, but equally, we do not want to show that he has bitten her for blood-sucking." The consensus was that the scene would be cut as Leon pushed the girl down onto the bed, but a shot of her being throttled would then be allowed. Duly shortened, *Jose's* throttling was now deemed "satisfactory", but the shots of the werewolf's bloodstained features after murdering the Old Soak were still a no-no, as were all the close-ups of the werewolf's corpse.

"I know you are disappointed with these decisions," Trevelyan wrote to Hinds, "and I think that I must justify them by some general explanation... Since we last had a horror picture from your company there has grown up quite a considerable criticism of this Board for passing such pictures at all. Admittedly, this criticism sometimes comes from people who do not go to the cinema and who do not see such films, but I can assure you that it would be most unwise at the present time to provide these people with ammunition which they can use not only

The film went down exceptionally well with American reviewers. Noted James Powers in *The Hollywood Reporter* on Friday 28th April: "As often in Hammer's productions, this one attempts to humanize, to give logic and motivation to what - to modern minds - is ludicrous, cruel or incomprehensible... It is presented with intelligence and sympathy, not horror for its own sake. It is the kind of treatment that would stimulate an impressionable mind, but not ravage it." The next day's *Motion Picture Herald* contained a similarly positive review from Sidney H. Rechetnik, who praised the film's 'lavish production values', 'expert' direction and 'thrilling climax'. 'Chills and horrors are made realistic,' said *Film Daily* on Wednesday 3rd May, 'and running beneath the picture is an undercurrent of intelligence and insight.'

'Topnotch monster fare' declared *Variety* that same day. Continued critic 'Tube': 'John Alder's screenplay... dwells at extraordinary length, even for a horror picture, on expository background... It is a credit to Elder and all concerned that this lengthy 'prolog' sustains a quiet, if not greater, interest than the film's principal story passages... The level of performance is exceptional for a film of this nature. Especially convincing characters are created by Oliver Reed (who resembles Dirk Bogarde) as the compassionate werewolf, Clifford Evans, Anthony Dawson, Richard Wordsworth and Martin Matthews... Principally the film is a triumph of the production artisans... Among those who illustrate they are masters of their craft are cameraman Arthur Grant (whose vivid views and balanced compositions... have a haunting character), art director Don Mingay (whose sets are unusually sturdy, expansive and artistic) and make-upman Roy Ashton (who has created some of the vilest creatures imaginable).'

Contrast such laudatory reviews, then, with that contained in Britain's *Monthly Film Bulletin* of June 1961: 'Even by Hammer standards, this is a singularly repellent job of slaughter-house horror. The prologue's account of the Marques's seditious proclivities could hardly be more explicit; by comparison the odious finale, with Cando shooting his adopted son as he slavers amid the church bells, is as debonair a conceit as Pierre Louys's tale of the peasant who bought and tortured a slave in order to copy his death agonies for a painting of Prometheus bound.'

The film's box-office returns were noticeably lower than expected, as executive producer Michael Cameron later testified: 'Its initial impact was something like one-tenth of *Dracula*; there was no initial public reaction to it and it just didn't seem to work. Therefore, we immediately went back to a formula that had proved more successful.' Hammer made no further forays into lycanthrope territory. Nevertheless, the little *Return of the Werewolf* appears to have been banded about in the trade press sometime in 1972, and two years later, 'John Elmer' would pen the similar *Legend of the Werewolf* for Tyburn Films.

The CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF

CAST AND CREDITS

Alfredo Leon
Servant Girl (as a child)
Cristina
The Marquesa
The Beggar
Teresa
Young Leon
The Priest
Pepe Valiente
Rosa Valiente
Dominique
Old Soak
Don Fernando
Don Enrique
Jose
Fico Gomez
Geoff
Chef
Senora Zumere
Vera
Isabel
Yvonne
Police Sergeant
Polcoman
1st Footman
2nd Footman
Landlord
Midwife
Irate Farmer
Another Farmer
Official
Gardener
Cheeky Farmer
Farmer (Caroline)
1st Customer
2nd Customer
3rd Customer

Clifford Evans
Oliver Reed
Yvonne Romain
Catherine Feller
Anthony Dawson
Josephine Ulewellyn
Richard Wordsworth
Hira Talprey
Justin Walters
John Gabriel
Warren Mitchell
Anne Blake
George Woodbridge
Michael Ripper
Ewen Solon
Peter Sallis
Martin Matthews
David Cornville
Dennis Shaw
Charles Lamb
Serfina Di Leo
Sheila Brennan
Renny Lister
Alastair Williamson
John Bennett
Desmond Llewellyn
Gordon Whiting
Hamlyn Benson
Kitty Allwood
Howard Lang
Stephen W. Scott
Ray Browne
Frank Siemon
Max Butterfield
Michael Peake
Rodney Burke
Alan Page
Richard Golding

Page
Servant Girl (as a child)
Sunman

Screenplay
Based on the novel *The Werewolf of Paris*
by Guy Endore
Music composed and conducted by
Benjamin Frankel

Director of Photography

Production Designer
Supervising Editor
Production Manager
Editor
Assistant Director
Camera Operator
Art Director

Sound Recordist
Sound Editor
Continuity
Make-up Artist
Hair Stylist
Wardrobe Mistress
Casting
Special Effects
1st Camera Assistant (Focus)
Other Camera Assistant
Sound Camera Operators

Boom Operator
Other Assistant [Sound Dept]
1st Assistant [Editing Dept]
2nd Assistant Director
3rd Assistant Director
Production Secretary
Publicity Director
Still Cameraman
Neg Developer and Printer
Associate Producer
Produced by
Directed by

A Hammer Film Production
Produced at Bray Studios, England
Executive Producer Michael Carreras

"Uncredited in finished print
+Pseudonym for Anthony Hinds
@ Also listed as Assistant Art Director
(as Thomas Gooswell)
Credit order follows from film print. Supplementary cast
credits listed in same order as Rank Film
Distributors documentation; additional technical
credits ordered as per Film and TV Technician
supplement.

Certificate X* Duration 88 minutes,
length 7,920 feet (original UK release)

Michael Lewis
Lorraine Carstairs
Jackie Cooper

John Elders
James Needs
Clifford Parkes
Alfred Cox
John Fawcett
Len Harris
Don Mingey
Thomas Gooswell

Arthur Grant, B.S.C.
Bernard Robinson
James Needs
Clifford Parkes
Alfred Cox
John Fawcett
Len Harris
Don Mingey
Thomas Gooswell

Jack May
Alban Streeter
Tilly Dey
Roy Ashton
Friedo Stieger
Molly Arbuthnot
Stuart Lyons
Les Bown
Harry Oakes
Alan MacDonald
Al Thorne
Michael Sala
Jim Perry
C. Bouvier
Petar Todor
Dominic Fulford
N. Watts
Jackie Davis
Colin Reed
Tom Edwards
Eric Jones
Anthony Nelson Keys
Anthony Hinds
Terence Fisher



not at the present time take the risk of passing this picture."

ON RELEASE

The Board would largely have their way. In America, only four scenes were in question: "The opening shot with excessive exposure of breasts"; "A bedroom scene in which breasts were being mauled"; "A shot of the killing of the girl by the Werewolf as excessively long and bloody"; and "the spurting of the blood from the face of a man who is stabbed five times." In 1967, the American cuts were restored to the Universal print by American studio MCA, and this restoration eventually premiered on British television in 1994. When the film was finally released onto self-through video by Warners on 18th September 1995, however, it was in the cut version.

"What particularly amused me at the pre-production conference," Roy Ashton recalled, "was the producer saying, 'Look, lads, we've got to have it finished in six weeks because by April 12 we have to deliver it to America to release it for the children's holidays.'" Stateside, *The Curse of the Werewolf's* release was indeed staggered to coincide with school holiday dates. Universal International sold the film, and its support, John Gilling's *The Shadow of the Cat*, as a complete "shock-suspense" package. America's *Motion Picture Herald* highlighted the company's promotional efforts in a feature on 29th April 1961. "Paul Kamey, the company's eastern publicity manager, said that surveys were made of schools all over the country to determine geographical school letout times. "Some states close schools in May, others in

to criticise us but to harm the industry..." (just as Hinds had alluded to *Psycho*, Trevelyan was probably mindful here of the furor surrounding the May 1960 release of Michael Powell's *Peeping Tom*.) "If then you think that we are treating your picture more roughly than we would have treated a similar picture two years ago, you may have some justification, but you must realise that we stand

between the industry and such pressures and that it is a part of our job to assess the potential dangers of pressures at any given time. Frankly, I am reluctant to pass a picture of this kind at all at the present time, even in a heavily censored version, but I will not go so far as this since I have no wish to take such a drastic course. But I must emphasise that without the cuts that I have set out in this letter, we can-

June," he said. Bookings are aimed at coinciding with respective school closings in various situations...

According to adman Phil Gerard, also quoted in the feature, more money was spent on *Werewolf* promotion than ever before on a Hammer film, with television, newspaper and radio advertising. ("Looking for spine-chilling drama? Then take a terrifying journey into the macabre world as you watch *The Curse of the Werewolf*...") In addition, there was an array of cinema publicity material. 'The audiences, he [Gerard] said, are not limited to kids... A large proportion of adult audiences also are interested in this type of attraction.'

In Britain, the film premiered on 1st May 1961 and went on general release throughout the early summer, again with *The Shadow of the Cat* as support. The film's trailer was suitably rabid: "It came from a land of brutality and evil! It came from terror and fear! *The Curse of the Werewolf*, that was laid on a baby who grew into a man possessed by a monster! To this Spanish town, the night brought drinking and dancing, music and girls - and the moon. The full moon, that turned an innocent man into a savage beast - *The Curse of the Werewolf*! A man possessed by a frenzied lust to kill, and kill, and kill! *The Curse of the Werewolf* - a man possessed by a desperate need for love, who found in Cristina all the passionate sincerity of youth!"

Remember the scene where [Oliver] is pasting wine labels on bottles? I asked him, 'Do you like that job?' He said, 'Well, it's not bad. But I'd rather have what's inside!'

Script supervisor Tilly Day



Above: The cover of the House of Hammer comic strip adaptation of *The Curse of the Werewolf*

Issue 35

The CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF REVIEW

THE first twenty minutes or so of *The Curse of the Werewolf*, in which a fairy tale beggar comes into collision with a fairy tale aristocrat, contain some of the most horrifying footage Hammer ever filmed.

In the class struggle according to Hammer Horror, Richard Wordsworth's beggar might, two years before, have been roasted over Sir Hugo Baskerville's fireplace, or, five years later, he might have been put to work as a zombie in Squire Hamilton's tin mine. But in eighteenth century Santa Vera, he comes up against the singularly repellent figure of Anthony Dawson's Marques Sinestro, and is humiliated and dehumanised in the process. If treated like animals, the film seems to say, men will eventually turn into animals (and, at least in this instance, sire werewolves). It's also made abundantly clear that the function of a seductive aristocracy is to drag the so-called 'lower orders' down to its own squalid level. The beggar, originally a naive and amiable fellow, eventually acquires the same rapist's sensibility that the Marques has had all along. By a grim irony, aristocrat and beggar become parallel figures - indeed, it's difficult to decide which of Roy Ashton's brilliantly decrepit make-up designs is the more hideous. And they finally achieve a kind of equality when both characters end up prostrate and dead at the feet of the miserable, mute servant girl.

This position of women in this gruesome prologue, meanwhile, is predictably depressing. The mild-mannered Marquessa winds up dead after prolonged exposure to the vile Sinestro, while the comely servant girl, who is subjected to appalling abuse, quite literally has no 'voice' with which to protest. This whole opening preamble is not only extraordinarily protracted, it's also gripingly unpleasant.

Unfortunately, the contest between Wordsworth and Dawson remains the most interesting feature of the film. Subsequent proceedings are impeded by a marked absence of narrative drive, as if, in his anxiety to present Leon's tragedy as a 'human interest' love story, Terence Fisher had forgotten the tightly-paced attack he brought to films like *The Brides of Dracula*. The setting, too, presents problems. Spain in the 1780s is an unusual time and place for a Hammer Horror, but the film's only real gesture in a Hispanic direction comes in a hulking, uncredited cameo from Francis de Wolf and in the dark good looks of Oliver Reed, Yvonne Romain and Hira Talleyfer. Elsewhere, a lot of



perfectly decent British character actors stand around looking faintly uncomfortable in their costume. And some of the actors are just plain bad. It's a particularly galling moment, for example, when Leon strangles his imbecile friend, Josa, because thereafter we're spared any more of Martin Matthews's truly lamentable performance.

Despite these drawbacks, there's plenty to admire elsewhere. The film retains some of the lustroly coloured compositions familiar from the Hammer Horrors of the late fifties, with Arthur Grant photographing his first colour Gothic. Benjamin Frankel's shatteringly atonal score is extraordinarily powerful, while the romantic sub plot, though slowing the film down, at least confers dignity on a screen monster previously essayed by the lumpy Lon Chaney Jr. And the level of tragic inevitability is extremely high. Anthony Hinds augmenting the sense of doom with a host of carefully layered parallel incidents. The film ends, as it began, with tolling church bells, Leon is ill-used by aristocrats just as his father was and - also like him - ends up becoming a beast behind bars.

Clifford Evans adds some imaginative touches of his own to Don Alfredo, while Hira Talleyfer (who, seven years on, would be hanged in the pre-credits sequence of *Witchfinder General*) is convincingly sensitive and compassionate as Teresa, Leon's surrogate mother. And Oliver Reed plays Leon with blistering energy and sincerity, never more frighteningly so than when confined in a prison cell or bordello bedroom. His lupine moments are made all the more powerful by yet another of Roy Ashton's brilliant make-up designs, particularly when the film rallies in the final reel for a rousing, and affecting, finale.

The Curse of the Werewolf has plenty of intriguing features but is not, in the end, a complete success. Viewing the recently restored version of the film, it's sobering to reflect on how much less of a success it was in the old BBFC-approved print, which was more thoroughly mangled than any of Leon's victims.

Jonathan Rigby

A large, detailed illustration of a zombie hand emerging from a grave in a cemetery. The hand is dark, muscular, and covered in blood. It is reaching up towards a large, bright orange sun in a cloudy sky. In the background, there are several tombstones and crosses, some of which are partially buried in the ground. The overall tone is dark and horror-themed.

Bravo's Blood Feast

28th October - 1st November

When the earth
spits out
the Dead...

they will return
to tear the
flesh of
the Living...

10pm Wednesday 30th October.

**ZOMBIE
FLESH
EATERS** x

Also appearing as part of **Bravo's Blood Feast** Horror Season during the last week of October... **Demons** (Monday 28th), **The House By The Cemetery** (Tuesday 29th), **The Beyond** (Thursday 31st), **Demons 2: The Nightmare Returns** (Friday 1st).

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